

THE ANGLO

AMERICAN.

A. D. PATERSON

EDITOR

E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAN PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847.

VOL. 8, No. 24.

WHY DON'T HE COME.

Why don't he come? He promised me
He surely would be here;
And pa and ma are out to tea,
For once the coast is clear.

I wonder what he wants to say?
When last his leave he took,
He asked me twice at home to say.
I wonder how I look?

Oh! why I'm almost out of breath!
Suppose he asks! what then?
I'll certainly be scared to death,
I'm so afraid of men!

I think I'll have him though, at last,
But first I'll answer no!
For many a girl by hurrying fast,
Outstrips her tardy beau!

Oh! here he comes—his steps I hear—
And now he'll soon begin;
I would not for the world appear
In haste to let him in.

THE BACHELOR'S DREAM.

The music ceased, the last quadrille was o'er,
And one by one the waning beauties fled;
The garlands vanished from the frescoed floor,
The nodding fiddler hung his weary head.

And I—a melancholy single man—
Retired to mourn my solitary fate.
I slept awhile; but o'er my slumbers ran
The sylph-like image of my blooming Kate.

I dreamt of mutual love, and Hymen's joys,
Of happy moments and connubial blisses;
And then I thought of little girls and boys,
The mother's glances, and the infants kisses.

I saw them all, in sweet perspective sitting
In winter's eve around a blazing fire,
The children playing, and the mother knitting.
Or fondly gazing on the happy sire.

The scene was changed;—In came the baker's bill;
I stared to see the hideous consummation
Of pies and puddings that it took to fill
The bellies of the rising generation.

There was no end to eating—legs of mutton
Were vanquished daily by this little host;
To see them, you'd have thought each little glutton
Had laid a wager who would eat the most.

The massive pudding smoked upon the platter,
The ponderous sirloin reared its head in vain:
The little urchins kicked up such a clatter,
That scarce a remnant ere appeared again.

Then came the school bill—board and education
So much per annum; but the extras, mounted
To nearly twice the primal stipulation,
And every little bagatelle, was counted!

To mending tuck—a new Homeri Ilias—
A pane of glass—repairing coat and breeches—
A slate and pencil—binding old Virgilius—
Drawing a tooth—an opening draft and leeches.

And now I languished for the single state,
The social glass, the horse and chaise on Sunday,
The jaunt to Windsor with my sweetheart Kate,
And cursed again the weekly bills on Monday.

Here Kate began to scold—I stamp and swore,
The kittens squeak, the children loudly scream,
And thus waking with the wild uproar,
I thanked my stars that it was but a dream.

GUIZOT.

From the "Dublin University Magazine."

The French elective Chamber differs from the House of Commons, in being split into a much greater number of parties, between whom there exist political differences, which to themselves seem irreconcileable, although they are scarcely perceptible to a dispassionate looker-on, and especially to a foreigner. But genius is not as multifarious as party. This is fortunate, at least, for France. For if each of the numerous sections of the Chamber of Deputies, were led by a statesman and orator of high pretensions, it is difficult to see how the country could go on at all, drawn in so many different directions, by equal antagonistic forces. Among the nobilities of the French parliament, two are, by common consent, predominant—M. M. Guizot and Thiers. They are the

Peel and Russell of France. In the present position of the Chambers, no administration could stand a chance of holding power a single month, to which both these two deputies would be opposed, nor could any administration be formed out of their respective sections of the Chamber, of which they must not have the lead. Sections of the house there are, which are opposed to both; but none of these have number, coherence, or, above all, parliamentary and administrative genius, to entitle them to take the helm of the state, or to give them the faintest hope of a majority in the country or the Chamber. The names of Thiers and Guizot stand, therefore, before the world, in juxtaposition as the political chiefs of the French Parliament. Having lately presented the readers of this journal with a rapid sketch of the career and character of M. Thiers, a similar attempt to pourtray his illustrious rival and opponent, will not, probably, be unacceptable.

M. Guizot is now in his sixtieth year, having been born on the 4th October, 1787. He is therefore just ten years senior to his rival and opponent, M. Thiers. His birthplace was Nimes, where his father practised, with some reputation, at the bar. The detestable laws which prevailed at that time in France, denied to his parents the legality of marriage, and the legitimacy of offspring, in consequence of their religious faith. They were of a Protestant family. In a few years afterwards, the Revolution came and restored to them their natural rights of citizens, but involved them at the same time in the most bitter domestic desolation. On the 8th of April, 1794, when the present prime minister of France was in his seventh year, his father's head fell under the guillotine. Suspected of resistance to the will of the terrible triumvirate, he was ruthlessly torn from his wife and two children, the eldest of whom, Francis Pierre Guillaume, is the subject of this notice. Thus, in his earliest years, M. Guizot was surrounded by misfortunes, produced by those two extremes of government, against which he has signalized himself in later life by his struggles. The absolute regime before the revolution, stripped him of his rights as a citizen, and the revolutionary regime which followed it, deprived him of his natural protector, and flung him an orphan on the world.

After the loss of her husband, Madame Guizot quitted the city, which was associated with such agonizing recollections, and retired to Geneva, where she enjoyed the consolations of her family, and obtained the means and opportunity of securing a sound education for her children. The eldest, placed at the Institution in that city, called the Gymnase, soon manifested those intellectual endowments, the subsequent developement of which has elevated him to the highest post in his country. Before he attained his twelfth year, he was able to read in their proper language, the works of Thucydides and Demosthenes, Tacitus and Cicero, Dante and Alighieri, Schiller and Goethe, Gibbon and Shakespeare. The last two years of his course in college were devoted to historical and philosophical studies, which, it soon appeared, possessed for him the highest attractions. The character of his mind was admirably suited to the spirit of the manners and institutions in the midst of which he was placed. His severe logic and pure morals were in harmony with the habits of the Genevese republic, and the rigid discipline of Calvin, the traces of which had never been obliterated there.

In 1805, M. Guizot having completed his academical studies, and been loaded with scholastic honors, came to Paris, to commence his professional studies for the bar. At that period, the school of law in Paris had fallen in the revolutionary changes, and the knowledge obtained by students was chiefly derived from private establishments, and in a very imperfect manner. Guizot, little inclined to participate in the scenes of licentious pleasure, in which he found his fellow students for the most part plunged, and setting small value on the superficial means of information offered by the Institutions to which we have just adverted, found himself thrown upon his own intellectual resources, and sought, in the solitude of his chamber, in meditation, and in such works as the great repositories of learning in Paris never failed to supply in the worst times, that knowledge which, under a better system, he might have obtained with less labour, and the benefit of competition and fellowship in well organized and wisely directed schools. His first year in Paris was thus passed in solitude, amidst a busy population of half a million.

In the succeeding year, he was received as private tutor in the family of M. Stauffer, formerly minister for Switzerland in Paris, in whose house he was so fortunate as to meet not only a paternal reception, but the means of extending his information by social intercourse with those who were best able to direct his studies. Here he also became acquainted with M. Suard, in whose salons he met those most distinguished for their intellectual endowments and accomplishments. It was here he saw her who was afterwards destined to exercise over his life and happiness so noble an influence.

Born of a distinguished family, which was ruined by the Revolution, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan had, like many others who had lost their properties in that catastrophe, resorted to these attainments which had been acquired with a view to adorn rather than support life, and this lady, to sustain her destitute family, adopted the profession of journalism. She was the editor of a paper of that day, called the *Publicist*. It happened that this lady was attacked by a malady rendered more severe by the imperious necessity of continuing those labours, which were so necessary to the well-being of those to whom she was tenderly attached, when she received one day an anonymous letter, accompanied by the manuscript of a leading article for her journal. On examination, the article proved to be of the highest literary merit, and was of course, immediately accepted. The following day brought a like contribution from the same unknown hand, together with an intimation, that these literary supplies would be continued until such time as the restoration of her health might enable her, without inconvenience, to resume her customary occupation.

Deeply touched by the delicacy of this secret aid, proceeding obviously from

some male friend, who with a refinement well calculated to command the admiration, and excite the gratitude of a mind like that of Mademoiselle de Meulan, shrank from a disclosure which might create a sense of personal obligation, the lady recounted the circumstance again and again with the liveliest emotion, in the salons of M. Suard, exhausting her imagination, and taxing the ingenuity of her friends to discover her unknown benefactor, little thinking at the moment, that among those to whom she addressed her conjectures and her guesses, was her literary friend himself in the person of a pale, serious, and severe-looking young man, with whom she was scarcely yet acquainted, and whose retiring habits, united with his natural delicacy, rendered him the more unobtrusive in the attention of her who so anxiously inquired after him. At length, after many unfortunate entreaties addressed in the *Publicist* to the unknown contributor, to disclose himself, M. Guizot presented himself in person at the Bureau of the fair editor, and accepted the so warmly expressed thanks of her who a few years later became Madame Guizot.

In the five years after his arrival in Paris, M. Guizot devoted himself to the composition of several literary works, which at once laid the foundation of his reputation, and gave him a moderate independence. The first of these, which was not published till 1809, was his "Dictionary of Synonyms;" this was followed by his "Lives of the French Poets," his translation of Gibbon* with historical notes, and a translation of a work of Reclus, entitled *Spain in 1808*. These several works, the merits of which, whatever they may have been, were eclipsed by the more important ones that followed them, were written before their author had completed his twenty-fourth year.

In 1812, his talents became generally known and appreciated, and he was appointed by M. de Fontane as assistant professor of history, in the university. Soon afterwards he was advanced to the full functions of the professorship of Modern History, and it is well known what lustre his lectures conferred on that chair. It was at this time that commenced with Royer Collard, who held the professorship of the history of philosophy, a friendship, which was continued till the death of the latter.

At the epoch of the political events of 1814, M. Guizot was at his native city of Nimes, whither he went to visit his mother, after a long absence. On his return, he was destined to make his debut in political life. His friend, Royer Collard, induced the Abbe Montasquion, then minister of the Interior, to appoint him to the office of chief secretary of that department. In this position, his moderate monarchical politics placed between the extremes of the ultra Royalist party and the Republicans, rendered it impossible for him to secure for his official conduct, the approbation of either. In the opinion of one party, he went too far; in the opinion of the other, not far enough. The law against the press, presented to the Chamber of 1814, by the Abbe Moutesquion, rendered both him and his friend, Royer Collard, unpopular with the liberal party, and still more the circumstance of his having afterwards consented to accept a place in the committee of the censorship, beside M. de Freyssinous. The Royalist party, on the other hand, were indignant at beholding one whom they regarded as belonging to the *Bourgeoisie*, a professor, and above all, a Protestant, yoked as a colleague, or at least, a confidential subordinate of a court abbe: talking of the equilibrium of the constitution, the preponderance of government, and attempting to reconcile monarchical notions with the new interests which the Revolution had created. In the opinion of some he did too little—of others, too much. He was, however, suddenly and unexpectedly drawn from this collision of parties by the return of Napoleon from Elba.

After the flight of Louis XVIII. and his family, M. Guizot returned to the duties of his professorship, and after the expiration of the hundred days, and the catastrophe of Waterloo, he was selected by the constitutional Royalists to go to Ghent, to urge upon Louis XVIII. the adoption of the charter, and to insist upon the necessity of removing from power M. De Blacas, who at that time was regarded as the type and representative of the old monarchical regime. The result of his negotiations became apparent soon afterwards, for M. De Blacas retired, and the king acknowledged the errors of his government, in the proclamation of Cambrai, and added new guarantees to the charter.

In the stormy session of the Chambers, which followed the second restoration, in 1815, M. Guizot filled the office of chief Secretary to the minister of Justice. He has been reproached with yielding in an undue degree, to the reactionary spirit which prevailed at this epoch. The parties consisted of the ultra-royalists, supporters of the old regime, who desired the king without the charter, the liberals who desired the charter without the King, and the constitutional royalists, which demanded both. To this last section of the political body, M. Guizot naturally belonged. His pamphlet on "Representative Government, and the present State of France," which he published in answer to M. De Vitrolles, gave a view of his principles at that time, and placed him in the royalist constitutional majority, beside his friend Royer Collard, M. M. Pasquier, Camille Jordan, and De Serres. It was about this period that the name *Doctrinaires* came to be applied to that party, originating in the fact that Royer Collard, who was its leader, had been educated at a college conducted by a sect called *Doctrinaires*, and also from a certain stiff adherence to particular general principles, and a severe system of logic, put forward rather obtrusively in their public speeches.

After the assassination of the Duke of Berry, the ministry of Decazes retired from office. MM. Royer Collard, Camille Jordan, and De Barante, withdrew from the Council of State, and M. Guizot resigned with his party. From that time until the accession to office of the Martignac ministry, in 1828, his course was a continual struggle against the tendencies of the Villele ministry. At this time he was too young, and his reputation was too little advanced, to lead him to aspire to a seat in the Chamber, but the principles of constitutional monarchy found in him a most able defender, through the organs of the press.

In his professional chair of Modern History, in the midst of the enthusiastic applauses of those youths, many of whom were destined at a later period to aid in overthrowing the house of the elder Bourbons, M. Guizot developed the various phases of representative government in Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire. The ministry took its vengeance for his attacks in his pamphlets, by interdicting his course in 1825.

Returning to private life, he was poor, for the worst enemies of this statesman never ascribed to him a disposition to convert the opportunities of office to the purposes of personal profit. He had, however his pen, and that was an independence. Excluded from treating of the politics of the day, by the arbitrary spirit of the government, he engaged in a series of historical works, several of which have since surrounded his name with lustre, among which may be mentioned, his collection of memoirs relative to the Revolution in England; two volumes of the History of that Revolution; the collection of Memoirs relative to the Ancient History of France, and Essays on French His-

tory; Historical Essays on Shakspeare and Calvin; a translation of Shakspeare and extensive contributions to the *Revue Francaise*.

It was when immersed in these literary labours, in 1827, that the most bitter calamity of his life befell him. A premature death snatched from him her who was at once the partner of his labours, and the solace of his home;—her whose elevated mind and pure spirit sustained and encouraged him in the agitations and struggles of his public life. It was a touching scene to behold the last farewell of the wife to the husband and the son, the latter of whom was destined to follow his beloved parent to the tomb. Madame Guizot, though a Roman Catholic by birth, became a Protestant shortly before her death.

After the fall of the Villele ministry, M. Martignac, on his accession to power restored M. Guizot to his professorship. Soon after this he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, by the Coilege of Liseux, which he has ever since represented. He was one of the memorable majority of 221, who voted the address which was the precursor of the Revolution of 1830, concluding his speech on that occasion by the following remarkable sentence:—

"It is difficult enough for truth to find its way to the chambers of kings. Let us not send it there pale and enervated. Let it be no more possible to mistake it than to doubt the loyalty of our sentiments."

In 1830, when the storm which broke on the 27th of July, was approaching, M. Guizot was at his native town of Nimes. He returned to Paris on the 26th. The following day he wrote the celebrated protest of the deputies against the ordonnance which produced the revolution; a document which indicates a Conservative spirit, which feared, rather than desired, a revolution. Its moderation found favour with few. The government deemed it seditious,—the people thought it tame.

On the 29th July, the Deputies met at the house of M. Lafitte, where a lively sense of triumph was expressed, at the result of the struggle, but where at the same time, the paramount necessity of *regularizing* the revolution was acknowledged. M. Guizot was the first to rise and impress on his colleagues the urgency of the appointment of a municipal commission, to be specially devoted to the re-establishment and maintenance of order. The next day this committee appointed him provisional minister of Public Instruction. On the 31st he read to the chambers the draft of a proclamation nominating the Duke of Orleans Lieutenant-General of the kingdom. In the interval, between this and the 9th August, the day on which Louis Philippe accepted the crown tendered to him by the chambers, M. Guizot filled temporarily the office of Minister of the interior, and displayed extraordinary administrative powers on that difficult emergency. A complete recombination of the internal administration of the country was effected, and the charter was revived and amended. Seventy-six prefects, one hundred and seventy-six sub-prefects, and thirty-eight chief-secretaries were appointed. In the revision of the chamber he endeavoured to fix the age of qualification for a deputy at twenty-five. In this, however, he was out-voted.

The cabinet which was formed out of the fermenting elements of the revolution, was, as might be expected, ephemeral. The personal differences which had been lost in the magnitude and importance of the public interests staked in the measures which accompanied the revolution, reappeared as soon as tranquillity was restored. The spirit of the epoch, and the state of exaltation of all minds, demanded more of vigour in political action, and required less of the philosophical spirit of organization than was consistent with the public character of M. Guizot, and he retired. The cabinet of M. Lafitte succeeded, and when the public became more tranquilized, and desired to see the Institutions consolidated, it gave place again to a more conservative administration, under the presidency of Casimir Perier. The Chamber now began to settle down into recognized sections and parties, under acknowledged leaders, and symbolized by known systems of policy. For the first time since the revolution of July, a compact, resolute, and permanent majority was created. This parliamentary force, which had hitherto been confused and undisciplined, consisted of three chief divisions, whose movements were directed by the spirited president of the Council. The left wing, composed chiefly of that party, which formed the liberal opposition during the Restoration, and which now rallied round the Constitutional Throne of the Barricades, was led by M. Thiers. The right wing, composed of the party which, under the Restoration, were known as the Constitutional Monarchs, were headed by M. Guizot. The centre body composed of those whose opinions wavered, and whose conduct had been undecided, were under the leadership of M. Dupin the elder.

Supported by this triple phalanx, the ministry of Casimir Perier prevailed equally against the opposition in the chamber, and the emutes in the streets. It effected the occupation of Ancona, and consolidated the system which sprang out of the three days of July. After the death of Casimir Perier, which took place during the prevalence of the Cholera in 1832, these elements of parliamentary and governmental power were dissolved, and the several leaders, with pretensions nearly equal, disputed the command. The usual consequences of even competition, combined with little difference of political principles ensued. A coalition was effected. The centre left combined with the centre right. M. Guizot extended the hand of fellowship to M. Thiers, and the ministry known as the Cabinet of the 11th October, 1832, was formed.

M. Guizot now filled the office of Minister of Public Instruction, for the duties of which his peculiar talents and attainments, so eminently fitted him. In recurring to the records of this period and reviewing the sentiments of parties, it is gratifying to observe, that among the numerous measures adopted during his ministry, there is one, respecting which among men of every party, even those most opposed to M. Guizot, as a statesman, there is but one unanimous feeling of approbation. The law of the 28th June, 1833, upon Primary Instruction, is a monument to the genius and benevolence of M. Guizot, which will surround his memory with honour and gratitude in all succeeding ages. This measure, in all its completeness, was conceived, prefigured, promoted, and carried into practical operation by M. Guizot alone. Under him, and at his hands, the principle of popular education, adopted and proclaimed by the great revolution of 1789, but suspended in its progress, by the social convulsions of the last half century, has been realized. Eleven thousand communes, constituting about half the territory of France, hitherto deprived of the benefit of education which produces the honest man and the good citizen, have seen the school-house raised beside the village church, where the children of the poor can obtain that enlightenment which, combined with the consolations of religion, will enable them to struggle with the rude trials of this life and prepare for the rewards of that life which is to follow.

On the occasion of the promulgation and the execution of this law, the zeal and activity of M. Guizot were incessant. It was a labour of love. Numberless were the addresses and instructions sent by him to the prefects and sub-prefects of departments, to the mayors and other municipal authorities in the provinces, and to the committees of inquiry. All these documents are models of clearness and precision; but one among them—his circular to the parish-

* It is generally understood that the mere translations were not the work of M. Guizot. They were done under his superintendence. The notes, however, were his own.

schoolmasters—is pre-eminently conspicuous, and is probably the finest specimen of this kind of composition extant. No work of these times is marked by more genuine eloquence, or more true poetry of style and of sentiment. How noble is the spectacle of the minister of State of a great country, assuming the tone, and expressing the feeling of fellowship, with the humble village teacher ; lifting him as it were to his own level, teaching him the true loftiness of his functions, raising him in his own eyes, and those of his fellow-citizens :—discoursing to him as a friend, a colleague, and an equal ; making him feel that he too in his sphere, is a minister of public instruction, as necessary to the attainment of the beneficent purposes of the legislature, as he who addresses him ! And with what lively solicitude does not the minister anticipate the difficulties, and exhort to the zealous discharge of the duties which must arise in the relations between the practical teacher and the children, the parents, the mayor, and the curate. " Let no spirit of sect or party enter the sacred precincts of your school ! The public teacher must rise above the transitory quarrels which agitate society. The sentiments he must inculcate are, trust in Providence, the holiness of duty, submission to parental authority, respect for the laws, for the sovereign, and for the rights of all " If religious principles and duties are not enforced, it is not because M. Guizot is not sincerely impressed with their high importance, but because the inculcation of these falls within another department of the state. It must be remembered that there is in France a ministry of Public Worship, distinct from the ministry of Public instruction, and that as all forms of Christian faith are equal in the eye of the state, pastors of each persuasion are properly paid and supported by the state, according to the clerical duties they have to discharge.

The following picture of the painful duties of the schoolmaster, and the sources to which he is sent for consolation, will be read with lively interest :

" There is neither fortune nor fame to be acquired in fulfilling the laborious task of the village schoolmaster. Doomed to a life of monotonous labour, sometimes requited with ingratitude and injustice, by ignorance, he will often be oppressed with melancholy, and perhaps sink under the weight of his thankless toil, if he do not seek strength and courage elsewhere, than in the views of immediate and personal interest. He must be sustained and animated by a profound sense of the moral importance of his labours. He must learn to regard the austere pleasure of having served mankind, and secretly contributed to the public weal, as a price worthy of his exertions, which his conscience pays him. It is his glory to aspire to nothing above his obscure and laborious condition, to make unnumbered sacrifices for those who profit by him, to labour, in a word, for man, and wait for his reward from God."

The cabinet of the 11th October, in which M. Guizot held the ministry of Public Instruction, continued to administer the affairs of the country for four years. M. Guizot is essentially a Conservative in politics. He is a constitutional monarchist. If power tends towards absolutism, he will oppose power ; but if, in opposing it, he hazards revolution, popular emanentes, or a relaxation of order, he will, perhaps, of the two evils prefer the chances of absolutism to the horrors of anarchy. This spirit has always given a repressive character to his policy. When the administration of which he formed a part came into office, public order was menaced, and therefore a Conservative and reactionary policy commanded a majority in the Chamber. But gradually the government became settled. The elements of disturbance which the Revolution left behind it subsided and disappeared. The public began to look for the fruits of the struggle—the price of the blood which flowed on the three days. This prevailing sentiment rendered the Conservative and stationary policy of the cabinet of the 11th October less popular, and diminished its majority in the Chamber. But besides this, dissension broke out in the cabinet itself. A disagreement arose between MM. De Broglie, Guizot, and M. Hamelin, in consequence of which the latter resigned, and subsequently between MM. Thiers and Guizot. This quarrel was supposed at the time, and since, to be secretly fomented by Louis Philippe and the party of the chateau. The combined ministry of Thiers, Guizot, and De Broglie was too strong to allow the king to assume that personal interference in the affairs of the state which he has always desired to exercise. His object was now not merely to break up the existing cabinet, but to sow the seeds of dissension among the leading men in the Chambers, so that it might be impossible afterwards to form a government so strong, with an opposition so weak as to render his personal interference impracticable. This object he perfectly attained. M. Thiers was irritated against M. Guizot, and later, the friendship between M. Guizot and the Duke of Broglie was undermined. No parliamentary combination was afterwards possible, which should deprive Louis Philippe of the favourite object of his hopes, that of presiding at the cabinet, dictating its policy, and being, in fact, his own minister of foreign affairs.

In fine, M. Guizot retired, and entered into opposition. He immediately assumed a position of open hostility with the cabinet, over which M. Molé presided, the policy of which he described, in one of his memorable addresses from the tribune, as " one without principle or flag, made up of expediencies and superficialities, which, ever tottering, sought support on every side, and aimed at no intelligible object ; which augmented and aggravated that vacillation of purpose, that effeminacy of soul, that want of faith, consistency, perseverance, and energy, which are at once the sources of uneasiness to the country, and of trouble to the government ! "

The ministry known as that of the 12th May, invited M. Guizot to the Embassy at London, to replace M. Sebastiani, which position he occupied until his accession to the Cabinet which he now leads. His perfect knowledge of the language, literature, and history of England ; his known predilection for the political institutions of that country, which he desired to see adopted in his own, as far as the habits and condition of the people would admit ; his Protestantism, for the sincerity of which he received credit ; the simplicity of his manners, and the austere dignity of his character, all conspired to recommend him to the favourable notice of the aristocracy of London. Accordingly, no minister of France, since Chateaubriand, obtained a reception so unexpectedly cordial.

After the retirement of the Cabinet, subsequent to the collision at Beyrouth, M. Guizot was recalled to take a high position in affairs. A certain stiffness of character, and austerity of manner, combined with a dogmatism which adhered to him from the professional chair, which he filled with so much distinction, rendered him personally unpopular in the Chambers, and although virtually discharging the functions of the head of the ministry, he has never, even yet, ventured to assume the actual office of President of the Council, which, according to the custom of government in France, is that of Prime Minister, and head of the government. That post in the Cabinet, which has now subsisted in France for several years, is filled by Marshal Soult, who, however, takes no active part in the affairs of the State. M. Guizot is minister of Foreign Affairs, and the real head of the government.

As a speaker, M. Guizot wants the more lofty qualities of an orator, and dis-

bands the merely ornamental ones. His art is that of a logician, and rhetorician. His discourse is a thesis. There is one prominent text which is wrought out with consummate skill. To this he fixes the attention of his audience. He turns it on every side, presents it under various aspects, raises round it a most ingenious scaffolding of reasoning. Those who are familiar with colleges, will easily perceive in this the habits which have been transferred from the university to the senate.

M. Guizot has been charged with a frigid scepticism, not merely in his religion, but in his philosophy and politics. Standing between hereditary monarchy and revolution, it is said that he believes neither in the legitimacy of the divine right, nor in the sovereignty of the people. In religion he is, by descent and profession, Protestant, but his sincerity in any particular faith has been questioned, although his private life attests his serious assent to Christianity. The scenes related to have passed at the bedside of the dying partner of his joys and sorrows cannot leave a doubt of the reality of his religious faith. But what faith ? Protestant, certainly ; but which of the many tints of Protestantism ? No one can answer, and some will say that the illustrious statesman and philosopher himself would pause long before he would commit himself to a categorical answer to that question.

Clearness and order are the conspicuous attributes of his style, as a parliamentary speaker. He goes straight to his object ; lays down his thesis in the clearest and most unequivocal terms. He admits no redundancy. What he has to say, is said without uttering one word too much or too little. His style is pure and chaste, but without any brilliancy or coloring. His extemporaneous addresses, stenographed, have all the elaborated finish and accuracy of the desk.

The temperament of his soul, and severity of his manners, are adverse to those vehement bursts of passion, which have produced the finest passages of ancient and modern oratory. One example of elevation is cited ; when, ravished with admiration for the constituents of 1789, he exclaimed— " I doubt not, that, in their unknown abodes, these noble souls, who have so ardently desired the good of humanity, will be sensible of a profound pleasure to behold us to-day, avoiding those shoals upon which their blighted hopes were wrecked."

Nothing in public life is more gratifying to contemplate than the spotless purity of the private character of M. Guizot. No public man has more numerous or rancorous public enemies. Not one among these would dare to cast a doubt on his private integrity. With a modest competence, obtained by his personal labour, he entered the Hotel of the Ministry of Public Instruction. With the same modest competence he retired from that palace, to his obscure lodging in the Quartier de la Madelaine. He returned to office, and has had all the means, direct, and indirect, which the head of affairs in a great country can always command, to accumulate wealth. No one suspects him of having done so.

As a child, as a parent, as a husband, and as a father, M. Guizot is a pattern of high morality of conduct and sentiment but rarely found in public life.

In his conduct to his political opponents he is liberal and generous. He willingly gives them credit for good motives, and allows each his meed of praise for the ability he displays.

The party of Doctrinaires in France resembles, in many of their characteristics, the party of the Utilitarians in England. There is the same dogmatism, the same intolerance for other opinions, the same dry rigidity. M. Guizot, the head and leader of the sect, partakes of these qualities, modified, however, by his individual peculiarities. He is more tenacious, however, of his purposes, than even of his maxims. He is ambitious of office for the power which it confers, and not for the influence which it brings. He is a partisan of a constitutional aristocracy. If he had been noble, he would have advocated an aristocracy of birth. Being a commoner, he advocates an aristocracy of the bourgeoisie.

After all his years of study of the English system, and all his professed admiration of the union of liberty and monarchy which it exhibits, he has not brought into practice in France the great leading consequences of the royal irresponsibility. The personal irresponsibility of the sovereign gives, as the most inevitable conclusion, the royal non-interference. Where responsibility rests, there alone power must be deposited. Active personal interference, without responsibility, is an outrage on political philosophy, against which it might well be supposed the scholastic dogmatism of the leader of the Doctrinaires would revolt. Yet M. Guizot has now, for nearly seven years, been the virtual head of a cabinet over whose deliberations an irresponsible constitutional sovereign has presided. Nor has such presidency been like that of the Speaker of the House of Commons, or the chairman of a meeting. The monarch of July has not been a mere moderator amidst his ministers. It is too notorious to admit of dispute that he has always exercised a most potent voice in their councils, and even assumed occasionally the tone of a dictator. Yet to all this M. Guizot has quietly submitted. He has held the portfolio, and borne the responsibility of office for several years, and has submitted to have his measures rejected by the royal voice, and his papers mutilated by the royal pen. As Minister of Foreign Affairs, he has found his instructions to the representatives of France at foreign courts, subordinate to other instructions, proceeding immediately from a higher quarter. Yet with all these flagrant violations of the constitutional regime, which M. Guizot so much admires, he has still retained the cares and honors of office and with them the responsibility for proceedings not his own, and of which he often is kept in ignorance until they become irrecoverable.

M. Guizot's long continuance and apparent security in office, is a consequence rather of the divisions among his opponents, than the cordial support of the majority which has voted with him. Among his colleagues he is unpopular, so much so, that notwithstanding his known ambition, and his unquestionable right, according to parliamentary standing and influence, to the first place in the cabinet, he has never ventured to assume it. The chair is occupied by a lay figure—the Duke of Dalmatia. But he has been secure, for among his opponents there are irreconcileable differences. The dynastic opposition occupying the left centre, are now divided into two sections, one led by MM. Thiers and O'Dillon Barrot, the other by MM. Dutaur and Belliout. Again, left of these are the anti-dynastic or republican opposition, occupying the extreme left, in which MM. Dupont de l'Eure and Arago, the celebrated astronomer, are prominent ; and, finally, there is the legitimate, or Carlist party. Now, all of these fragments of the opposition, are as much or more opposed to each other than to the Guizot ministry. Hence, the strength of the head of the Doctrinaires.

We presented lately, to our readers, a rapid sketch of M. Thiers, the great rival and inevitable successor of M. Guizot. So completely correlative are these two statesmen in their political position, that it is impossible to pronounce the name of either without raising before the mind's eye also the image of the other. Both spring from the people ; both raised to the highest position in the state by

the sole, unaided, unpatronized energy of their talents; both men of letters, so eminent that had they never entered the chambers, they would still hold foremost places among the illustrious of the age; both orators and statesmen so distinguished, that had they never wielded the pen, they would still be the most brilliant ornaments of the senate;—both journalists, and both thrown up to the surface by the great commotion of 1830, and they are transcendently the most eminent men that have issued from that convulsion.

They both, professing admiration for the English system of constitutional government, have evinced their repugnance to a personal interference in the business of the cabinet, which Louis Philippe has never ceased to exercise; but the opposition of M. Thiers to it has been more persevering and active. M. Guizot has tacitly submitted, when he ought to have resigned. M. Thiers has openly denounced the system as unconstitutional. The maxim, *Le roi regne mais il ne gouverne pas* has been insisted on by M. Thiers, who has on various occasions asserted, and on some acted on it. M. Guizot assenting as strongly to the maxim as his distinguished rival, has nevertheless permitted it to be turned to a dead letter.

There is a course by which these two statesmen could have extinguished personal government in France. The state of parties has long rendered no government possible, in which one or the other does not hold a prominent place. Had they combined in resisting the Royal presence at cabinet councils, the object would have been attained. This they had not moral firmness or personal independence sufficient to accomplish.

SCENES IN THE WILDS OF MEXICO.

MATASIETE, THE HUNTER.

CHAPTER IV.—THE ATTACK

The streamlet we were following formed at its source a little pool, in the midst of a small glade surrounded by bushes and trees thickly interwoven. We had reached this shelter of climbing-plants and trunks of trees so stealthily, the sound of our footsteps so much resembled the flutter of leaves in the morning breeze, that two very large stags, which were gambolling in the grass in the neighbourhood, took no notice of us, and continued to prance about amidst the long grass, which reached even over their antlers. We soon perceived two other stags at some little distance from the former, looking at them with curiosity, and yet with visible suspicion, for they first advanced a step, and then retreated two. Although the glimmering daylight as yet only partially illuminated every object, we were enabled to remark a strange contrast between these two couples of stags. In the first, the fixed look of the eyes, and a something abrupt in the movement, were so many suspicious signs which fully justified the fear and astonishment of the others. Yet curiosity seemed to triumph over fear; they ventured timidly to the centre of the glade. Then the stags we had first seen backed a little. This movement brought them within arm's reach of us. The Canadian and I were motionless, our knives between our teeth. Suddenly the bushes round us snapped with violence, and the strong hand of the Canadian had seized one of the stags; the animal, or rather the disguised Indian,* yelled for the last time, as I sprung on the other one's back, exclaiming, 'Dog! I have no saddle, but I will mount thee without.' Then, pressing him tight between my legs, I held up my knife over him; but, with a desperate effort he avoided the blow, threw his borrowed head away and escaped from under me. In vain I caught him by the leg; one last effort he made sent me rolling so suddenly on the grass, that, when I got up, I looked to see if his leg had not remained in my hand, so difficult was it to believe that he could have escaped from the strength of my grasp. Yet in one bound he had completely got out of my reach. I pursued him rifle in hand; but the demon ran like a scared fawn, and I saw I should never come up to him. Then, in a transport of rage, I took my aim and the Indian moved no more; the sound of my rifle re-echoed again and again in the midst of universal silence.

"What have you done?" exclaimed the Canadian. "You have given the alarm to the encampment."

"What could be done?" I replied, "he would have told his comrades; it is better that my rifle should have forestalled him."

"Recriminations were useless; the Canadian did not answer; he went up to the Indian I had knocked down to see if he was quite dead, of which he found no difficulty in assuring himself."

"Let us now reflect how to get out of this scrape," said he. "Here are three at any rate who will do no more harm. You know the proverb, 'The beast dead'"

He stopped. He had not said so much for a long while, but it was his hymn of victory. We held a second council, and the result was that we should hide ourselves until evening, if possible, and only set off on the track at night. It now remained to choose a hiding-place. The woods offered us a certain asylum; but if the Apachos discovered us there, they would surround us on every side, unless they preferred setting fire to the forest and burning us in it. Whilst we were deliberating, a hideous concert of shrill yells, compared to which the roars you will hear to night are but the hum of mosquitoes, burst forth on all sides. The sound of my rifle had given the alarm to the Indians, and the blood-hounds had discovered our traces, which we had taken no pains to conceal. Brave as I am, that infernal music froze the blood in my veins. No hesitation was now possible. The confused voices of our enemies told us that they were sufficiently distant from the river to enable us to reach its banks unseen under cover of the trees. We flew rather than ran, hoping to find the canoe of the Indians we had killed, at the spot where they had moored it. In a few seconds, the yells increased; the Indians had probably found the saddle I had concealed in the bushes; then all noise ceased, and the tumult was succeeded by a silence still more terrible than the savage clamours which preceded it. Yells of grief alone broke the silence three different times—three times the Indians had found a dead warrior.

The canoe was still in the same place, by the side of a much larger one, which had been used to land the second detachment of Indians. This one was too large for us to use. We had already sprung into the smaller one, and were trying to draw the large one along, in order to render pursuit impossible to our enemies, when renewed yells told us we were seen. A shower of arrows fell close to us; without further hesitation we pushed our canoe into the middle of the stream, and rowed with all our strength towards the second islet I have mentioned, and which alone could give us shelter. We were considerably in advance of our enemies, and the arm of the river was sufficiently wide to preserve us from a second flight of arrows. Our canoe skimmed along the water under the vigorous impulse of the Canadian.

"Ah!" said he, in a tone of regret, "if you could manage an oar as I do, I would treat those rascals to a water-party which should cost them all their warriors, one by one; but with you we should be taken as we landed." We were

* The Indians chase the deer in this disguise, and are thus able to select as victims the fittest of those they have thus enticed near them.

at a very short distance from the isle when our enemies entered their boat and commenced their pursuit. The Canadian ceased rowing for a minute, and said, "Keep steady here, if possible, for a few moments, for I cannot resist the temptation of sending a bullet to those ravenous dogs!"

I took the oar, the Canadian aimed at the group, fired, and one of the savage rowers nearly upset the canoe as he fell over the side. I cannot describe the rage of our enemies, who, in their turn, ceased to row, and sent us another harmless shower of arrows. A few strokes brought us to the shore; we landed, and, carrying our canoe on our shoulders, plunged into the wood which covered the island. We concealed the canoe in some thick bushes, and, this done, we looked out for a place where we could defend ourselves without being surrounded. Near the side where we had landed, a hillock, crowned with large trees, rose in a peak on the side of the water, and sloped gently towards the land. This was the post we chose.

The noise of the oars did not seem to approach; however, I suspected some stratagem, and advanced with precaution behind the trunk of a large mahogany tree which slightly overhung the river; the canoe, instead of landing where we did, passed along the island with the intention of rounding it. It was thenceforth evident that the vagabonds wanted to get beyond reach of our rifles, land at a sufficient distance to prevent our opposing their landing, and advance towards us under cover of trees and bushes. Fortunately, our position on the height saved us from any sudden attack in the rear, and only left us accessible from the front. After the landing of the Indians, there were a few moments of profound silence. Nothing scarcely remained for us but to recompose our souls to God, and pay our inevitable death as dearly as possible.

"At the end of a few minutes, which it was permissible in our position to think of immense length, a dozen of these jackals appeared on the outskirts of the wood within rifle shot. With their faces painted red and yellow, their long plaited hair, the strips of leather round their arms and legs, they looked diabolical. There was among them one tall rascal, who inspired me at once with the most vehement antipathy. They halted altogether, and appeared in consultation, after which the tall one advanced a few steps and imperiously motioned us to come down to them.

"Shall I fire?" I asked the Canadian.

"Not yet," replied my comrade; "they are too far off, and, in our position, every shot must tell."

"Well, I will wait," I replied.

A fresh summons on their part was as unsuccessful as the first; they continued to advance, the Canadian fired, and an Apache fell; a minute afterwards he was followed by another, whom I struck when aiming at the tall Indian. Our enemies then fell on their faces, a cloud of dust rose in the air, and we saw nothing more; a few arrows only whistled by our ears, and others buried themselves at our feet. We fired a second time, and with success, as far as I could judge by the yells which followed our discharge. An incessantly renewing cloud of dust concealed the Indians from us; but, when it cleared off, a dozen of these enraged demons were mounting the hill on which we had stationed ourselves. Their frightful smeared faces were almost pressed against ours, and we felt their breath pass over our brows. The Canadian shot one, whilst the butt end of his gun broke the skull of another. I suddenly saw my companion roll down the height struggling with three Indians, and heard him call out,—

"Fire! fire! even should you kill me with them!"

"I had already great difficulty in keeping off five others by the help of my rifle, and I had a moment of terrible agony at the sight of these three reptiles twisted round the Canadian, who, alone, against three, in vain endeavoured to get out his knife, lifted them up for an instant with Herculean strength, and then fell heavily with them. Presently the head of one was dashed with a hollow sound against a stone; I saw another loose his hold; I rushed, knife in hand, upon the third; but a violent blow on the head with a tomahawk drew from me a cry of pain, and made me drop my knife. I turned round; I faced the tall Apache whose appearance I so disliked. My rifle, held up like a club, made the Indian draw back, and I was able, after picking up my knife, to retreat to the top of the height, to get room, and fire. By that time my enemy had recovered from his surprise, and before I was able to ward it off, his macana fell on my head. Dazzled and blinded, I lost my equilibrium and fell down insensible. A feeling of extraordinary coolness roused me from this torpor. I had rolled into the river, which ran at our feet."

Here the groans of the terrified colt forced me again to interrupt the narrator, although his narrative now began to interest me very strongly.

"Is it the mosquitoes this time which cause that poor animal's groans of terror?"

"Very possibly not," replied Bermudes: "let us listen."

"Look out there!" said I, pointing to a young poplar whose summit rose above the dome of verdure which crowned the neighbouring heights; "it is not the wind that shakes that tree, whilst the others are motionless."

The huntsman listened. The summit of the poplar, whitened by the moon's rays, still swayed irregularly to and fro, and it was but too easy to distinguish the sound of the grazing of a body against the trunk above the rustle of the leaves. It might be a wild bull, but some peculiar signs soon left me in no doubt on that point. A smothered groan peculiar to the feline race, then a shrill sound of sharp claws grinding against the bark, resounded with melancholy sonority.

"It is the jaguar!" said Matasiete.

"Shall I wake the Canadian?" I asked.

"Not yet. At this moment the animal is trying to screw up his courage, but his hour is not come, and just now he is more frightened than you are."

The fact was doubtful; but my physiognomy must have announced an excess of assurance, for the hunter continued instantly:—

"You would be mistaken however, in thinking that a jaguar-hunt presents no danger. You will soon be able to judge how much another hour passed without drinking will have soured this one's disposition. I have seen more than one intrepid man turn pale at the roar of those beasts. By the by, have you ever hunted a tiger?"

"It is the first time; if, however, you call this tiger-hunting," said I, shewing my unarmed hands, "and I have good reasons for thinking it will be the last."

"When the time comes," said the hunter, "I will think of you, and give you a certain weapon which, in my hands, has never missed its aim. You will be pleased with it."

This promise made me breathe more freely, and, at Bermudes' proposition, I listened to the continuation of his story.

"I was saved by what might have killed me," he continued; "the coolness of the water restored me to the use of my senses. When, at the end of a few

seconds, I returned to the surface, I saw my inveterate enemy, who, leaning over the river, watched my agony with barbarous delight, brandishing in one hand the tomahawk which had stunned me, in the other my knife, which I had dropped. When he saw me swimming with all my strength towards the land to join my comrade, he uttered a yell of rage, and leaped down in pursuit of me. I redoubled my efforts, but the Indian swam faster than I did, weakened by loss of blood. From time to time, however, I looked back to calculate his progress, and each time that hideous begrimed face shewed me more distinctly the knife which was to strike me glittering between two rows of sharp teeth. At that moment I looked with despair at the shore, which seemed flying from me. My poor comrade, although free from his enemies for the moment, was in a most critical situation. His rifle, of which he had made such terrible use, rested on his shoulder, and alone kept at bay the Apachos, whom I heard growling like dogs baiting a bull. I could not refrain from a cry of distress. "By the life of your mother!" I exclaimed, "will you let me be murdered under your eyes?" The Canadian looked round instantly without altering the position of his rifle. At the sight of the Indian already stretching out his arm to seize me, compassion triumphed over care of his own safety, and rapidly turning round he took aim. The gun went off, I heard the ball whistle, and the water round me was dyed with blood. The Indian, mortally wounded, glared wildly round, and, as he struggled in his agony, I snatched my knife from him and plunged it twice into his throat. My first thought was then to look for my brave companion: he had disappeared. But, added Bermudes, "he will tell you what happened at that time better than I can."

"It is very simple," said the Canadian. "After discharging my rifle, and rendering my associate that slight service, I supposed he would do his best to join me. I therefore profited by the stupefaction which the death of their chief caused among the Indians, and as I could not reload my rifle, I fell upon the five rascals who surrounded me, and who alone remained of the twelve who had attacked us, whirling it in the air like a quarter-staff. I was almost beyond reach of their arrows before they recovered from their surprise. I then retreated towards the river. You must know, sir, that it is not impossible to ward off an arrow with the hand. The point goes right to its aim; but the other extremity, decorated with feathers, turns about so as to describe a large and brilliant circle in the air; it is, therefore, easy either to stoop and avoid the arrow, or to keep it off with the hand. I thus reached the spot where my comrade was coming on shore. I was only slightly wounded in three or four places; the trees had protected my retreat. Bermudes will now tell you the rest," added the Canadian, apparently ashamed of having said so much.

"On seeing us once more united," then continued Bermudes, "the Indians, discouraged by the loss of their comrades, deferred their revenge to a more opportune moment; for to them flight is not dishonourable, even before an enemy of inferior number to themselves, if the chances are not in their favour. I was of opinion that we should pursue them to their camp, and attack the twelve, who, doubtless, had remained with their booty as a body of reserve; but I could not bring my comrade to this mode of thinking. He alleged that the rascals thirsted for our blood too keenly not to return in larger numbers to attack us, that we had a good position, a canoe at hand, and that we could always use it to go to them, if they did not come to us. Still half-stunned by the blow I had received, and seeing my blood flowing abundantly, I gave up my first idea. We allowed the Indians to embark at the spot where they had landed, and thought of nothing but resting ourselves and dressing our wounds. On examining our resources, we found we still had some pieces of dried meat; my powder, it is true, was spoiled by the water, but my comrade's horn held a sufficient quantity; we had no reason, therefore, to dread the blockade we had to endure.

"We kept good watch the rest of the day, without any thing leading us to suspect a fresh attack; then the night came on, peaceful and silent. Yet our enemies were near us. It is always a painful time when darkness conceals the snares of those sons of darkness thirsting for blood. This time no fire was lighted. The large island seemed as desert as on the first day of creation some uprooted trees, slowly descending the course of the river, alone disturbed the stillness. The silence of everything surrounding us foreboded no good; the Indians, doubtless, reckoned on the success of some stratagem to put an end to us. With infinite precaution we put the canoe into the water, and advanced in the direction of the island; still the silence—the immobility continued. We seemed the only two living beings on this expanse of water.

"What does this mean?" I asked the Canadian.

"That the savages are waiting for the setting of the moon to come and attack us, and put in execution some infernal plan which I cannot guess as yet."

"We listened anew, endeavouring to catch the faintest sound whatever. By dint of patience and attention, we fancied at last that we heard a ripple less regular and rather louder than that of the river against its banks; it seemed also as if the sound proceeded from the shore of the island, and was approaching us.

"Let us return to our post," said the Canadian.

"We returned to the islet as softly as we had left it; the suspicious ripple still continued. We again resumed our attitude of observation, thoroughly convinced that the night would not pass without our enemies attempting another attack.

"If we were to light a fire," said I to my companion, "these rogues would see that we are not hiding; and we should, perhaps, discover the snare they are laying for us."

"My advice was followed, and the reflection of the flames soon illuminated a portion of the river. Meanwhile time wore on, and the impatience I felt began to cause a species of nervous uneasiness, which rendered expectation insupportable to me. The Canadian and I were leaning against the same tree, but each in a different position, which enabled us to watch every approach to our retreat. I was turned towards the Indian camp, my friend towards the interior of the islet. The day had been sufficiently fatiguing for our eyelids to droop from want of sleep. All was silent around us—the leaves in the air, the insects beneath the dew, the river beneath its mists; my eyes also occasionally closed involuntarily; therefore, to keep myself awake, I amused myself by following the course of the trees which floated down the river. Sometimes it was a trunk deprived of its branches; further on a tree, with a portion of its foliage, looked like a floating bower; all silent lay aground on the islet. Gradually I lost all consciousness of actual life: my body was asleep, my eyes only remained open. For one moment I thought I saw the entire island on which the Indians were encamped gently advancing towards us. I at first attributed this strange vision to sleep, and made an effort to shake off my drowsiness. My eyes fixed more attentively on the river, then clearly discerned a compact black mass directing itself towards us. I was not, therefore, deceived by sleep; a heap of trunks, branches, and foliage followed the stream of the river."

CHAPTER V.—AWAITING THE TIGER.

Here Bermudes' narrative was again interrupted.

"Listen!" said he, in a whisper.

I listened. I heard a distant roar.

"That is a first signal," said the Mexican hunter.

A second but still smothered roar was heard, at once plaintive and menac-

"I was mistaken," added Bermudes.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I thought it was a tiger."

"Well!"

"Well—there are two."

This time I hastily awoke the Canadian.

"Sleep in peace!" said Bermudes to the Canadian; "it is but a sign of rage and disappointment uttered by these animals on seeing their drinking place occupied. The moment is not yet come when hunger, and especially thirst, will compel them to attack us."

"Then," said I, to the hunter, "you persist in believing that there are two?"

"There is one other chance!" he replied.

"That there may be three, I suppose?"

"Are we not three? But it is not so! If it is not a male with the female, one will give place to the other; for, otherwise, two male jaguars never attack together. In the contrary case, a double signal will put us on our guard; for God, who has given a rattle to the most dangerous of serpents that man may be aware of its approach, has given wild beasts eyes which glare in the darkness, and the roar which precede their attacks."

This assertion but partially reassured me; but, at any rate, danger was still distant. As the hunter had said, the time was not yet arrived when thirst would overcome in these animals the involuntary fear with which the presence of man inspires them. All became hushed again in the silent depths of the forest, which the moon lighted up with its silvery beams. The two hunters again resumed their indolent attitude; nevertheless, the Canadian, instead of stretching himself on the moss, propped himself against the trunk of a tree, his rifle between his legs, and filled his pipe, to drive away the remains of sleepiness. I was sufficiently acquainted with the course of the stars to read in the dome of the heavens that the hour was approaching for the fulfilment of the mysteries of the desert. I was not sorry to hear the sound of a human voice interrupting the solemn silence of night, and I requested Bermudes to continue his narrative, if there was still time.

"We have still at least an hour before us," he replied, "and that is more than I require."

He then continued:—

"I ran to the fire, caught up a brand, and threw it towards the river. By the light it threw out, before falling into the water, I dimly perceived some human figures. I returned instantly to the Canadian; he was up.

"Quick to the boat, for the love of God!" I whispered; "these red demons are on the island!"

"As I spoke, an arrow whistled through the cap of the Canadian, who still hesitated. Our ears were deafened by yells which re-echoed from both shores. We rushed to the side on which was the canoe. Three Indians threw themselves on us. I knocked one down by a thrust of my knife; the Canadian knocked down the second; and, whilst the third was endeavouring to join his comrade, a ball from my rifle stretched him lifeless. To reach the canoe, and push it out into the middle of the stream, was the work of an instant. Some arrows fell harmless near us. When we were beyond reach of the Indians, I told my comrade how a portion of our enemies had succeeded in reaching our retreat, by setting afloat the trees which had been run aground on their island. I pointed out to him the raft which carried the rest of the Indians, floating gently down the stream of the river, which was not strong at this spot.

"Let us go to their island," said I; "we shall find their booty, which they have abandoned to come to us."

"Presently," he replied; "I must first say a word to those who are hidden under this foliage."

"When arrived within rifle-shot, the Canadian let go the oars, and fired at the raft. We instantly heard the noise of several bodies plunging into the water. I then took my aim at these black bodies, which were hardly visible in the dark. We advanced and fired again; but all had either plunged under water, or reached the island; and we saw nothing more. The yells of these heathens told us their rage and our triumph. We had won, they had shamefully lost the game."

"Now to the island!" said my comrade; and he rowed vigorously in that direction.

"On landing, we remained a moment undecided, endeavouring to discover, through the darkness, some indication which might guide us to the camp of the Apachos. I then uttered the cry of *Santiago!* accompanied by a certain noise familiar to my horse, certain that if he was among the booty he would answer to my call; and, indeed, a neigh was heard not far off, and put us on the track. Presently we fell in with a group of mules and horses firmly tied up. By the side of these animals was a heap of saddles, stuffs, blankets, &c. With a kick I threw down this mass of parcels, amongst which I distinguished our bale of otter skins, almost untouched. As I stooped to pick it up, I remarked an almost imperceptible movement under a blanket. I lifted it up, and saw a young Indian, who had probably been intrusted with the care of the booty. The whelp, finding himself a prisoner, remained silent, though his fiery eyes betrayed more rage than fear. I unceremoniously wrapped him up in a blanket, and called to my comrade, who had remained as a sentinel on the bank of the river. A rifle-shot was the answer, and the Canadian hastened towards me.

"I have just sent one after the others, and the rascals will leave us in peace a few minutes longer; but there is no time to lose."

"I gave the young prisoner to the Canadian, and cut my horse's bonds. In a few moments the horses were, in some fashion, saddled."

"Jump into the saddle!" said I, to the Canadian; "take charge of our skins; I will look after this boy, who does not suspect that he will have the honour of delivering some souls from purgatory. Do not be uneasy; my horse obeys my voice, and yours will follow him."

"I cut the bonds of the other animals, thinking that the Indians would spend some time in collecting their dispersed spoils; then, mounting, I urged the other horses on in the direction of the ford I had noticed the preceding night. The horses and mules, set at liberty, neared with delight. The Indians yelled like a band of wolves flying before a jaguar; our cries of victory answered these cries, and the echoes of the river repeated this infernal uproar. Once on the opposite bank of the river, we forced march soon secured us from pursuit, and we arrived this morning at the hacienda, after recovering our property, and having taken prisoner a young Indian, whom I shall sell for as much as possible,

for he will be purchased to be made a Christian,* and his ransom will serve to acquit me with the souls in purgatory."

Bermudes' narrative was ended after a short pause, seeing me, no doubt, more occupied by my own danger than by his adventures, the Mexican hunter added,—

"It is now time to think of you."

"Is the moment come, then?" I asked.

"It approaches," returned the hunter. "Do you not perceive that silence is deepening around us?—do you not perceive that the odours of the plants are almost changed, and that, under the influence of night, they exhale fresh perfumes. When you have lived longer in the desert, you will learn that every hour of the day, as well as every hour of the night, has its significance—its peculiar character. At every hour a voice becomes silent, and another voice takes its place. Now the beasts of prey will salute the darkness, as to-morrow the birds will salute the rising sun. We are approaching the moment at which man loses the imposing majesty which God has set on his brow; for at night his eye is dim, whilst that of the beast lights up, and pierces the thickest darkness. Man is the monarch of daylight, the jaguar the monarch of darkness."

As he pronounced these words, with a thoroughly Spanish emphasis, the hunter arose, and took from the place where he had been sitting a parcel, which he unrolled: it was two sheep skins with the wool on. He then unsheathed his knife.

"Here are your weapons," said he.

"And what am I to do with these?" I replied; "I hoped you would at least give me a rifle."

"A rifle!" returned Bermudes; "do you think I have a provision of them? I have but this one; and though, no doubt, it would be well placed in your hands, it will be still more so in mine; for habit is necessary in all things, and you have told me this was the first time of your hunting a tiger."

Matasiete persisted in calling this *hunting*.

"Let me, at least, explain to you," he continued, "the use of these weapons. You must roll these two skins round your left arm, and take the knife in your right hand. In this way, the arm will protect your head and body, whilst your knee will protect your stomach; for tigers have the ugly habit of trying to rip open their enemy with their claws. If you are attacked, you present your arm, and, whilst the animal's teeth enter the wool, instead of being ripped open, you, with the stroke of a knife, rip him open from head to tail."

"This appears unanswerable," said I; "but I prefer believing that two hunters like you will not miss a tiger. My decision is made; I will hunt with my hands in my pockets—it will be more original."

"But if there are two?"

"Well, you are two. According to you, tigers never attack together unless in the case of a male and female; therefore we cannot have more than two tigers on us at once, unless, indeed, it is reserved for us to verify this night at our expense, a case of polygamy contrary to all the laws of the species."

In place of the armour of sheep-skins, the hunter insisted on my taking his knife, which I accepted. It was long, sharp blade, with a horn handle, studded with large copper nails. The comrades loaded their rifles, and we became silent. As long as the moon had not risen high in the heavens, its oblique rays had thrown light here and there through the labyrinths of the forests, but by the time that the preparations of the hunters were completed, the moon's rays fell perpendicularly on the earth, and, being then intercepted by the foliage, left the forest in complete obscurity, whilst they fell, without obstacle, on the spring and on the glade which were almost as bright as at noon-day.

We were sheltered by a banyan tree, the branches of which formed a large arch over us. About twenty feet from us, and fastened by a strap, the colt, whose instinct was to serve as a guide to the huntsmen, had laid down by the spring. I saw him soon lift up his head, and give signs of uneasiness. The vague uneasiness was succeeded by broken screams of terror, and efforts to burst his bonds. These efforts being useless, he remained motionless, but his whole body trembled, and neighs of anguish escaped from him. Terror seemed to pervade the atmosphere. Suddenly a cavernous roar, from the summit of the neighbouring heights, made the echoes of the forest ring. The poor animal hid its head in the grass. A deep silence followed this formidable announcement. The two hunters came crouchingly out of their retreat, and I heard the click of the rifles as they cocked them.

"Remain behind," said the Canadian to me, in a whisper.

"No, thank you," I replied instantly; "I had rather be between you." I then added,—"Do you think there are two?"

As the Canadian replied by a sign of doubt, a tree near the spring, from the lowest to the topmost branches, trembled beneath the scratching of the impatient animals' sharp claws.

A fearful roar, which burst on my ear like the clang of ten clarions, prevented any remark on my part. I saw a tiger bound upon the colt, who was almost flattened on the earth with terror, and heard a crash of bones, almost instantaneously followed by a detonation: it was the Mexican who had fired.

"Your knife!" said he to the Canadian, who, in his turn, was about to fire; "look up there!"

I jinked up in the direction indicated by Bermudes, who seized on the Canadian's knife. At the summit, and through the branches of the cedar overhanging the spring, I saw two large eyes, shining like lighted coals, watching all our movements. It was the second jaguar, whose tail lashed the branches, and whirled in the air the flakes of moss torn off them. Motionless, near his comrade, the Canadian never lost sight of the bloodshot eye-balls, of which his rifle followed every movement. Meanwhile the jaguar, wounded by Bermudes, had bounded towards him: the moon then fell full on this terrible animal. Torrents of blood poured from one of his paws, which had been almost separated from the shoulder by the hunter's ball. Collecting himself previous to taking a last spring, the jaguar bowed his head and crouched, roaring with fury. His fiery eye-balls were immoderately dilated. Bermudes, calm and on the defensive, gazed fixedly at him, brandishing the blade of his knife before his eyes. At last the jaguar collected all his strength, and bounded forwards; but his muscles, torn by the bullet, had lost their power, and he fell exhausted on the spot which the hunter had just left vacant by springing on one side. Nothing now separated me from the tiger, when, twice wounded by the dagger of the brave Matasiete, he uttered a last and hideous roar, rolled over, and died. The blade had reached the heart.

"Here is a skin terribly injured, however," exclaimed Bermudes; "I do not mean my own; and he shewed me his arm, wounded by a long gash. As he spoke, a second roar was heard in the direction of the cedar; a detonation replied to it, and a noise of broken branches, followed by a heavy fall, announced

one of those feats of skill which none but a northern rifleman is capable of achieving. The Canadian had taken aim at the enemy between the eyes. When the two hunters, having walked round the pond, found the body of the jaguar, their cries of triumph told me that the unerring eye of the Canadian had not deceived him. I approached, not without compassion, another victim to man and the tiger—I mean the sacrificed colt. The poor animal lay motionless on the grass. One bleeding wound on his head, another on his nose, and the complete fracture of the vertebrae of the neck, proved that death must have been instantaneous. Already stiff and cold, the jaguar lay at his side, and I still gazed at him, though at some distance, when the two comrades appeared, dragging the female, whose skull had been shattered by the bullet. This time the skin was uninjured.

A CHAPTER ON ANTIPATHIES.

BY A MAN ABOUT TOWN.

The doctrine of sympathy has in all times obtained many proselytes, and has exercised a powerful influence over the minds, not only of the credulous and ignorant, but of the learned and highly gifted. It was a current belief in the early part of the seventeenth century,—the most familiar instance being Sir Kenelm Digby's mode of healing a wound by anointing the weapon that inflicted the hurt,—and at the close of the eighteenth it revived under the auspices of Cagliostro and Mesmer, whose disciples at the present day are "le-gion."

Conjunct with this occult sensation, but subsidiary to it, was the repulsive power of Antipathy, whose reign, however, flourished principally under the dynasty of the sorcerers and witches of the middle ages, whose charms, potions, periaps, and spells, were composed and concocted for the avowed purpose of producing this violent result. The curious reader in works of Demonology, may consult with advantage the productions of the alchymists and magicians of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, where the rules for attaining the desired object are carefully laid down. Cornelius Agrippa, whose reputation as a wizard is exceeded by none, has given us a particular receipt for exciting antipathy in the following terms:

"The ashes of the left claw of a hyena, mixed with eagles' blood and rubbed on any person, causes him to be hated by all the world."

This process, however, seems only attainable by the keepers of menageries and a few highly-favoured naturalists, and is scarcely within the reach of general practitioners.

The wise Cornelius has another method which, in the Dog days, is more get-able, provided always the first part of the proposition be true:

"A stone that is bit by a madde dogge, if it be put in drinke, hath power to cause discorde."

And something worse, or hydrophobia is only a name.

For the credit of the learned magician, it is only fair to say, that his works furnish us with many a set-off to these experiments. For instance, in order to procure love, after swallowing a "hyena pill," he says,—"Take a redd frogge and bury him in a hillock. Then take the bones and lay them on a tile-stone redd hot, till he lift over himselfe on the other side. So let it lie till she is so likewise. Then make a powder thereof and strew them on her clothes whom thou lovest, and she shall love thee." Here is another receipt:—"Take a batt (no very easy matter, by the way, unless you catch him asleep), let him bloud with a glass or flint, and with the bloud write this letter, D, and touch a man or woman, and they shall follow thee. For triall, touch a dogge, and he will follow thee."

The gentlemen who sell dogs in Regent-street, appear to have discovered this secret, though it may be questioned whether any of them have studied the occult philosophy of Cornelius Agrippa.

The advantages which were possessed in the olden time by those who studied the magic art, seem to have been great, and doubtless, in an age when every other science is improving, "gramarye" is not altogether neglected. In modern days it has become more generally practised under the name of "Advertisements," but I have reason to think that the power of throwing the glamour of the mind over particular individuals and things is still possessed by many, nor can I believe, that an effect which, to me, is so evident, exists without a cause.

Wherefore is it else that we entertain a sense of antipathy to certain persons and objects without being able to assign a particular motive for doing so? Who is there that has not experienced this feeling—yet who can explain its origin or the reason of its continuance?

To illustrate this subject I purpose giving a few passages from the diary of my "Experiences," which will place the matter in its proper light.

Aversion to animals is of various kinds. The late celebrated artist and astrologer, John Varley, used to ascribe this feeling (as he did every other) to sidereal influence and, unlike Edmund, in "King Lear," attributed the cause to the predominant star which twinkled at our birth, and the position of the sun in the Zodiac at the natal hour. On this principle he averred, that a lady who was afraid of bulls and dogs (and it would be difficult to find many not included in either of these categories), was born when the sun was in Sagittarius, and, therefore, by nature, hostile to these animals!

But we are not all Sagittarians, and still we all have our dislikes.

Some men there are love not a gaping pig,

Others are mad if they beheld a cat.

There are many who appear to be intuitively aware of the proximity of the antipathetic object which leaves, like musk and other subtle essences, an odour that nothing can subdue. Our old friend Cornelius exhibits his knowledge of the existence of the sentiments amongst animals, when he tells us, that "to make that a horse may not go through a street," you must take the entrails of a Wolfe (he does not say how you are to get them), and "lay them overthwart the street, and cover them with earth or sand, and he will not goe that way so long as the entrails doe lye there."

A wheelbarrow very often acts as potently as the preceding charm, but a turnpike is, after all, the most effectual preventive.

Antipathy is a species of second sight; it heralds the unwelcome guest, and casts a shadow before it. It is universal, like light, pervading space, and equally intangible, though seen and felt, it applies itself to every sense; through all our faculties we are made aware of its noxious presence. It is, to my thinking, a general representation of the Evil One, whose image

is diffused over an infinite variety of objects. Not content with exciting our bad passions through the grand media of ambition, avarice, envy, revenge, and all the host of wicked thoughts, the Principle of Evil, the Universal Arumanes, the "Boser Geist," roams up and down the world, touching all things, and leaving a blight on all with which he comes in contact, and the aspect which he wears is Antipathy!

* Although slavery does not exist in Mexico, the law permits these children to be bought on the specious pretext of converting them to Christianity. This indulgence of the law sometimes favours abominable speculations.

I speak not of deformity of person or of feature, for in such matters we have our reason to guide us in our admiration or dislike, and can assign the cause. Antipathy in its absolute sense implies a dislike *without a cause*.

In a city like London, the antipathist must daily meet with a thousand circumstances to excite his spleen, without numbering the many stationary objects which in his progress he knows he must encounter. I have numerous permanent antipathies whom all the world may know, and towards whom some may feel as antipathetic as I;—others may run into the opposite extreme.

A few years ago there was a man who used to excite my unmitigated aversion. I was at that time obliged almost every day to pass along the Strand, going from and returning to Charing-cross. Let me pass when I would, while daylight lasted or shops were open, there was one man whom I invariably saw in the same position at his own door.

Rearing himself thereat,

like the proud porter at the Soldan's gate in the old ballad.

Alike to him were tide or time;

if it rained, and the door was closed, there he stood behind the pane, his shoulders squared, his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, and his eyes intently fixed on the street; if the weather was fine, the door was opened, and Ecce Homo! His appearance was sufficiently remarkable to attract attention, without being antipathetic. He was of good height, sturdily built, and not ill-looking if you except that *something* which is my aversion, a sort of a curl *somewhere* in his nose or his mouth, or in the corners of his twinkling grey eyes: but he was distinguishable from the ordinary herd of mortals by a flourishing head of grey hairs, large furzy eyebrows, and an overwhelming pair of bushy whiskers of the same hue, which exaggerated his expansive physiognomy. His garments were of that description which was formerly termed "buckish,"—a character of costume I have always detested. He wore a dark frock, a sprigged waistcoat, an ample neckcloth of coloured muslin, loose breeches of sage or drab-colour, with a large gold seal dangling in front, and leaving a black mark on that part of the convexity against which it bumped, and an enormous pair of white, wrinkled pattered dashes, which rather attracted attention (and, indeed, his whole person), he used to parade in the full ostentation of conscious pride I know not whether there was really anything abstractedly objectionable in this personage, but *I hated the man!*

I may be asked who he was! I answer, to me a hateful mystery.

By the fleecy embellishments in his window, and a golden inscription over his door, I had a right to consider him a tradesman; but what in common with that calling had his pursuits to do? There was a counter within, which was unoccupied; there were piles of gloves and stockings untried; as if these objects were totally beneath his consideration, he never seemed to pay them the slightest attention, but gloriously displayed himself at his shop-door, alternately in attitudes between the Antinous and Farnesian Hercules, as he leaned against the door-posts.

Perhaps the reason why I disliked this individual arose from his employment of the "dolce far niente" in such unrestrained indulgence; perhaps from a vague idea that he thought to set himself off in the eyes of the fair sex; perhaps from his over display of conscious affluence. But why speculate upon the cause?

"Oh, reason not the need!" The hosier and myself were antipathies, and I feel convinced that I was as much disliked by him as he by me.

If ever I attempted to avoid that part of the Strand—a very great trouble and inconvenience, as Somerset House was the witness of my dismal incarceration—I fell from Scylla into Charybdis. I was then obliged to cross the street from Northumberland House to the Post Office opposite, and even then I ran the risk of getting the glimpse of my sturdy aversion, for an irresistible impulse compelled me always to turn my head in the direction, where he stood in spite of my previous firm resolve. Suppose, however, that I effected that crossing without the annoyance, I could not ascend the Strand on that side, but was obliged to make a *detour* to re-enter it at a higher point. In doing so there was a sweeper, whom it was my inevitable destiny to meet; the villain was ubiquitous, or one of a joint-stock company of sweepers, who shifted their stations at irregular intervals, for I found him ever like a lion in my path.

I have never had any objection to give eleemosynary pence to the industrious worthies who, with birchen broom, smooth the pathway of life in London; on the contrary, there are some of the fraternity whom, in a very small way, I regularly pension; but this man, I could not have given him a half-penny were I to have died for it. And yet his crossing was one of the longest and dirtiest in London, was well swept, and the fellow's circumstances appeared, like Jaffier's and Jeremy Diddler's, in most forlorn condition. But no, I could not disburse unto him! He was the very reverse of my hosier; "hosier's ghost," in fact! He was pale, thin, seedy, and blear-eyed. He wore garments of rusty, muddy black, his hat was indented by much pressure; boots he eschewed, and his pantaloons was a slippers one. He was unequivocally of the order of the unwashed, save by a shower of rain, the needful accompaniment of his vocation. It seemed as if he occasionally indulged in potations both of Barclay and Cream of the Valley, which in the classical regions of Long Acre and Drury Lane, used to be then translated, "Flare-up gin three-pence a quartar." He was endowed with a most compass-like stride, an unwearying agility of limb, and an undying volubility of tongue. He would appeal to my "Horour's benevolence," address me as "noble captain," declare the times was hard, and that he was "werry bad off." He asked "ony one apenny," as if you must of necessity have that valuable coin concealed somewhere about your person; he wanted "a noo broom"; he had got a "wife and twelve small children"; and had not eaten a morsel of food for six weeks. He would project a murky paw; would doff his crushed hat, would supplicate, whine, pursue. He did so for years. Me he appeared especially to haunt, but I never gave him a sou, and the worst of it was, he always said as I cleared the kerb-stone, "Thank yer honour all the same." Need I state that he was one of my antipathies.

About the period of which I speak, I went abroad for a time, and when I returned to town, it was with a feeling of indescribable dread, that I resumed my daily walk along the Strand. But to my surprise, neither of the objects of my dislike were visible; my Messieurs Tonson had both disappeared. The hosier's shop was converted into a silversmith's, and a native Indian, shivering in dirty muslin, had succeeded the sweeper. The Strand became a pleasant place again and I thought I had got rid of standing antipathies. But I was deceived; they existed for me in a different shape.

I was at that time in the habit of dining in coffee-houses of various degrees of excellence or its opposite. Sometimes I enjoyed a *salmi de perdreux*, more frequently a mutton-chop, or a slice off the round. This was owing to the state of my exchequer, where, by a departure from one of Nature's laws, the ebb was greater than the flow—or rather the stream entered gently by the small rill, and disappeared by a hundred minister channels.

On the days of economical gastronomy—which were probably five out of the

seven,—I preferred "taking mine easy" at a noted house of culinary attraction in the vicinity of the Haymarket. I never objected to the best dinner I could get for my money, and this place suited my purpose exactly.

Here, therefore, I dined in preference, and yet I never entered the room without dread, and invariably devoured my dinner with the bitterest feelings of an antipathist. There was a person who frequented that haunt, more regularly perhaps than I, for he was never absent when I went. I used to dine at various hours, from the early suburban three to the politer seven; but whatever oscillation I might practise between those periods, my man was always in the field. The fact was he dined from three o'clock until seven—a reasonable length of time, and within the pale of a dinner's duration as prescribed by the *Almanach des Gourmands*, which specifies five hours as the proper term of mensal devotion. I do not mean to say that this person was as great an eater as the famous Sultan Solyman ben Abd-el-Melek, of whom D'Herbelot tells such marvellous stories; on the contrary, I imagined him to be moderate both in his meat and his drink offerings, for if he ate much he would not have had time to talk, and if he drank freely his conversation would have shown some fire, some life occasionally in its delivery.

But this man's utterance was invariably the same; it was like Gratiano's discourse, "an infinite deal of nothing;" the nothing of politics, the nothing of public occurrences, the nothing of the weather—the indescribable nothing which passes so often for an expression of ideas. He it was who regularly discussed the novelties of the bill of fare, or dwelt upon its perpetual sameness. For him the advertisements in the *Times* were numbered, the accidents in all the papers invented. He had always two or three cronies near him, to whom he addressed his conversation; but it was I who endured its weight. There was not a syllable of that cracked, bell-metal tone that reverberated not in my tympanum, not a *niaisserie* uttered by him that did not reach my ear. His voice was a perpetually whining grindstone, as unceasing and monotonous in its sound as that of the insect called "the rope-maker" in the West Indies. Like ancient Pistol, I ate and eke I swore, but it availed not!

It may be asked, why did I dine at a place where such a nuisance existed? Why voluntarily expose myself to such an annoyance? I answer thus: I did it in ignorance, I did not know the man by sight. I had never seen him to my knowledge; besides, he was a crafty tormentor. When a new guest entered the room he was silent. The unsuspecting victim incontinently ordered his dinner, but long before it was brought the tormentor was again in motion.

Some men there are whose nerve would have enabled them to bear the lion in his den, who would have gone up to him and have satisfied their eyes at once; but I was not one of those. I would rather have been selected by my best friend at six paces, sure in that case of being hit. No! It was enough for me to feel that I hated this individual, though he had perhaps never intentionally harmed. He sometimes even went the length of proffering me a sort of kindness, indirectly through the waiter, by sending the paper to "the gentleman in the next box," my unhappy self, yet did I loathe him still. I have some justification in this particular, or can at least account for the act being disagreeable to me, for if there is one thing I dislike more than another—unless it is being officially told in the street that my handkerchief is sticking out of my pocket, and that I shall lose it—it is being offered a newspaper. As if those daily nuisances did not follow us into every possible retreat, without our taking the pains expressly to seek them!

The annoyance caused by this coffee-house frequenter at length ceased, from the fact of my eschewing those places of public resort, and taking the desperate resolve of incorporating myself in a respectable club. It is a question with me if the move has been for the better, for though in the well-ordered and genteel establishment to which I belong, I run no risk of being bored to death by one person, yet there are not a few who come under the decided head of "Antipathies."

Of this number is a man whose name I do know—indeed I have unfortunately met him in private life, and am therefore specially honoured by his acquaintance, without that, my misery at the sight of him would scarce have been so complete. His personal appearance is neither for nor against him,—for if he has on the one hand a complexion as sallow as a parsnip and a head as bald as a turnip, the balance is made even on the other by eyes that gleam like Spanish liquorice, and a pair of grey whiskers that curl like the tendrils of a vine, and make a curve which reaches to the corners of his mouth. What I dislike in this man is that there is such an unmistakeable air about him of being "all right." No trivet, to use the figurative language of the kitchen, was ever more so. It is impossible to catch him napping. "Wide awake" is the phrase which expresses the condition of his mind. He is not only master of all subjects, but doggedly resolved to make you aware of it; it is all the same to him, literature, politics, or the arts and sciences in all their branches. He is loaded up to the muzzle with knowledge, and like all overcharged guns, causes an intensity of mischief when he goes off, exciting in his hearers not merely disgust and *ennui* of an ordinary kind, but that species of loathing which for a time induces them to think of desperate remedies to get rid of it, either by a direct outrage on the person of the speaker, or an inward resolve to go home and take a dose of Prussian acid. There is on'y one thing which redeems him in my estimation, and that is, that the aversion which he inspires has penetrated to the souls of every member of the club—I see it in the workings of their features when he addresses them. As far then as this consolation extends I have the benefit of it.

It would be a marvellously singular club, if the person whom I have alluded to were the only bore or annoyance in it. I could describe a score, but as I am more or less aware whom the originals are, the sketches would savour of personality. I prefer, therefore, to seek for another antipathy out of doors.

There is no end to the number of people whom I am in the habit of meeting about town, who, from their constant apparition have made themselves antipathetic. They are probably the best persons in the world,—excellent fathers, devoted sons, exemplary husbands, useful citizens!—but, how ardently do I desire that their course was run! How I shudder at the very sight of them!

There is one, a gentlemanlike well-dressed man, with a red face and an Anglesey hat, whom I have known for years. I never went to any public place without meeting him. In Paris, in Brussels, in Milan, in Berlin—wherever I have gone I have encountered him.

He is a very serpent in my path,

And whereso'er this foot of mine doth tread

He lies before it.

He appears to be a good-natured, affable personage, and possesses, I dare say, every qualification to make a man beloved; but such is the perversity of some natures, or the waywardness of fate, that I confess I cannot choose but hate him. I often reproach myself for entertaining this sentiment, but what can I do! Whenever I meet him the feeling arises in spite of me.

There are certain plants known in hot climates which many people are unable to approach without experiencing a sudden and violent eruption on the skin. So it is with me in a moral sense. How are we to account for it but by the doctrine of antipathy,—inherent and uncontrollable:—

The occult author, already quoted, thus speaks on the subject:—

“ There is also enmity between foxes and swans, bulls and daws; also among water animals there is enmity, as between dolphins and *whirlpools*. The lobster and conger tear one another. The little bird called a linnet, living in thistles, hates asses, because they eat the flowers of thistles. A horse fears a camel, so that he cannot endure to see so much as his picture. A snake is afraid of a man that is naked, but pursueth one that is clothed.”

If these animals, then, have their various antipathies, it is but rational that man should have his share, for he has only too many passions in common with the brute creation.

It must be for this cause that, as Dame Quickly says, “ I can’t abide” a very tall, stout man, whom I constantly encounter in my various peregrinations. He is very largely and loosely built, and his clothes seem made on the same principle; he wears an acre of broad cloth in the skirts of his body-coat, and in the wrinkles of his voluminous breeches and gaiters a farmer might fancy he saw the furrows in his potato-fields. His features are as massive as his frame is ponderous; his cheeks and double-chin hang like dew-laps over his white neckcloth, and as he moves slowly along, with his hands behind his back, grasping a thick heavy stick, he seems to trust entirely to the *vis inertiae* of his immense weight to clear the way before him. He has a cold, cruel eye, and a settled sternness has depressed the angles of his closed lips. Yet I am told by those who know him, that this misanthropical giant—as I hold him to be—was once the gayest and wittiest man in every society, and was everywhere courted and admired for his intellectual attainments. Perhaps, if I had seen him when his star was in the zenith, I should have avoided him as sedulously as I do now, for antipathy is no respecter of circumstances.

‘Twere long to tell and sad to trace

the minor antipathies which surround me. I shall briefly pass over a few of the most prominent:

I dislike angular, long-bodied men and women, straight sandy hair, and black beady eyes; and persons with parrot-noses and small nostrils. I abominate boiled mackerel, roasted heart, and ripe Stilton cheese. I detest bagpipes, street-organs, parsnips, parsley, fennel, kirschwasser, roast pig, white cats, metal buttons, gray pantaloons, Scotch love-songs, roan horses, poodle dogs, one-horse flies, and penny publications. I hate to hear an Englishman speak French, or a timid young lady sing to entreaty. The oratory of trenchers and glasses is wormwood to me.

There is an umbrella-shop in St. Martin’s Court, just as you get into St. Martin’s Lane, on the right-hand side, which causes me a pang every time I go past it, on account of a huge walking-stick, with a human face carved and painted on the top. It is an extravagant likeness of Lord Melbourn, and the more disagreeable in my eyes for being consequently good looking.

In Pall-Mall, too, I am exposed to a perpetual annoyance. In a book-seller’s shop, just beyond the United Service Club, is a portrait of one of the bishops set in a window-pane. His lordship is seated at a table, writing, and is in the act of looking up with the pen in his hand, as if to catch some happy thought, which, from the smile on his features, he seems just to have accomplished. As a pillar of the church I am bound to reverence the original, but I must say I intensely hate his picture.

There is scarcely anything which excites my antipathy more than the long, ugly, black, brick screen which hides the Duke of Portland’s house in Cavendish Square, but I will not attempt to penetrate beyond its portals, lest I should betray my political bias; and if I were once to trench in politics there would be no end to my antipathies.

THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE SECOND.

(*Concluded.*)

At this period, the king, far advanced in years, was destined to feel the heaviest pressure of domestic calamity. His queen, a woman of sense and virtue, to whom, notwithstanding the grossness of his vices, he could not help paying public respect, died from the effects of an accident, which had grown into a confirmed disease. Her death was followed by that of his youngest daughter, the Queen of Denmark, a woman “ of great spirit and sense,” who died of an accident resembling her mother’s. She, too, like the Queen of England, had led an unhappy life,—for like her, she had the vice and scandal of royal mistresses to contend with.

The king, on the news of this death, broke into unusual expressions of sorrow and fondness. “ This,” said he, “ has been a fatal year to my family; I lost my eldest son, but I was glad of it. Then the Prince of Orange died, and left every thing in confusion. Poor little Edward has been cut open, (for an imposthume in his side,) and now the Queen of Denmark is gone. I know I did not love my children when they were young, I hated to have them running about my room; but now I love them as well as most fathers.”

The contrast between the Walpole and the Pelham administrations, is sketched with great force and fidelity. In our days the character of a cabinet depends upon the party. In those days the character of the cabinet depended upon the premier. Walpole was bold, open, steady, and never dejected: Pelham was timorous, reserved, fickle, and apt to despair. Presumption made Walpole many enemies: want of confidence in himself estranged from Pelham many friends. Walpole was content to have one great view, and would overlook or trample on the intermediate degrees: Pelham could never reach a great view, through stumbling at little ones. Walpole loved power so much, that he would not endure a rival: Pelham loved it so much, that he would endure any thing. Walpole would risk his administration by driving every considerable man from court, rather than venture their rivalry. Pelham would employ any means to take able men out of the opposition, though he ventured their engrossing his authority and outshining his capacity; but he dreaded abuse more than competition, and always bought off his enemies, to avoid their satire, rather than to acquire their support.

The historian, on the whole, regards Pelham’s conduct on this point, though the less bold, as the more prudent. He acknowledges that the result of Sir Robert’s driving away all able men from him was, to gain for himself but weak and uncertain assistance, while he always kept up a formidable opposition. But he might have grounded Sir Robert’s failure, on insulted justice as well as on mistaken policy; for, by depriving able men of their natural right to official distinction, he did more than enfeeble himself,—he deprived the country of their services. Walpole’s was the more daring plan, and Pelham’s was palpably and abjectly pusillanimous; but the result of the one was, to reduce the government to a solitary minister, while the result of the other was always to form

an effective cabinet. The former plan may subsist, during a period of national peril; but the return of public tranquillity, which, in England, is always the severest trial of governments, invariably shows the superior stability of the other.

Both were valued in private life. “ Walpole was fond of magnificence, and was generous to a fault: the other had neither ostentation nor avarice, and yet had but little generosity. The one was profuse to his family and friends, liberal indiscriminately, and unbounded to his tools and spies: the other loved his family and his friends, and enriched them as often as he could *steal an opportunity* from his extravagant bounty to his enemies an antagonists. Walpole was “ forgiving to a fault, if forgiveness was a fault. Pelham never forgave, but when he durst not resent! The one was most appreciated while he was minister; the other most, when he ceased to be minister. All men thought Pelham honest, until he was in power. Walpole was never thought so, until he was out.” Such is the lecture which this dexterous operator gives, knife in hand, over the corpses of the two most powerful men of their age.

Is it to be supposed that Ireland was doing nothing during this bustling period of English faction? Quite the contrary. It was in a flame, yet the subject was as insignificant as the indignation was profuse. One Jones, the court architect, was charged by the opposition with irregularities in his conduct, and was defended by the ministry. On the first division ministers had a majority, but it was almost a defeat, the majority amounting to but three. All Ireland resounded with acclamation. The “ national cause” was to live, only with the expulsion of Jones from his office; and to perish irrecoverably, if he should draw another quarter’s salary. His protectors were anathematised, his assailants were the models of patriotism. The populace made “ bonfires of reproach” before the private’s house, a tolerably significant sign of what might happen to himself; and stopped the coaches in the streets, demanding of their passengers a pledge “ whether they were for Ireland, or England.” Even the hackney coachmen exhibited their patriotic self-denial by the heroism of refusing to carry any fare to the Castle, the residence of the viceroy. The passion became even more powerful than duelling. A Dr. Andrews, of the Castle party, challenging Lambert, a member, at the door of the Commons, on some election squabble, Lambert said, “ I shall go first into the house, and vote against that rascal Neville Jones.” Andrews repeating the insult, and, as it seems, not allowing time for this patriotic vote, Lambert went in and complained; in consequence of which Andrews was ordered into custody; Carter, the Master of the Rolls,—for even the lawyers had caught fire on the occasion,—exclaiming of Andrews, “ What! would that man force himself into a seat here, and for what? only to prostitute his vote to a man, the sworn enemy of his country,” (Lord George Sackville, then Secretary for Ireland.) The Speaker, too, was equally hostile. The government were finally defeated by 124 to 116. Never was ridiculous triumph more ridiculously triumphant. The strangers in the gallery huzzaed, the mob in the streets huzzaed. When Lord Kildare returned to his house (he had been the leader of the debate,) there was a procession of some hours. All the world was rejoicing, Neville Jones was prostrated, Ireland had cast aside her sackcloth, and was thenceforth to be rich, loyal, and happy. The triumph lasted during the night, and was forgotten in the morning. Jones covered his retreat with plausibility, saying—“ So, after all, I am not to be In—igo, but Out—igo Jones,” a piece of wit, which disposed many in that wit-loving land to believe, that he was not so very much a demon after all. But the revenge of government was longer lived than the popular rejoicing. Their first intention was a general casting out of all who had foiled them in the debate: a two-handed slaughter of officials—a massacre of the innocents. But the wrath cooled, and was satisfied with turning off Carter, master of the rolls; Malone, prime serjeant; Dilks, the quarter-master general; and abolishing the pension of Boyle, a near relative of the obnoxious speaker. But a powerful man was now to be snatched away from the scene: Pelham died. He had been for some time suffering under the great disease of high life, high living. His health had given way to many feasts, many physicians, and the Scarborough waters. He died on the 8th of March, 1754.

France next supplies the historian with another display. The two countries differ, even in the nineteenth century, by characteristics wholly irreconcileable; and they are both of a sterner order at time advances with both. But, in the eighteenth century, each country in its public transactions approached nearer to the propensities and passions of the drama. The rapid changes of the English cabinet—the clever circumventions of courtiers—the bold developments of political talent, and the dexterous intrigues of office—bore some resemblance to the graver comedy. On the other hand, the Court life of France was all a ballet, of which Versailles was the patent theatre. There all was show and scene-shifting, the tinsel of high life, and the frolic of brilliant frivolity.—The minister was eclipsed by the mistresses; the king was a buffoon in the hands of the courtier; and the government of a powerful nation was disposed of in the style of a flirtation behind the scenes.

Louis XV. had at this period grown weary of the faded graces of Madame de Pompadour, and selected for his favourite a woman of Irish extraction, of the name of Murphy. The monarch had stooped low enough, for his new sultana was the daughter of a shoemaker. The royal history was scarcely more profligate, than it was ridiculous. His Majesty, though the husband of a respectable queen, had seemed to regard every abomination of life as a royal privilege. He had first adopted the society of a Madame de Mailly, a clever coquette, but with the disqualification of being the utter reverse of handsome. Madame, to obviate the known truancy of the King, introduced her sister, Madame de Vintinsille, as clever, but as ordinary as herself. The latter died in child-birth, supposed to have been poisoned! The same family, however, supplied a third sultana, a very pretty personage, on whom the royal favour was lavished in the shape of a title, and she was created Duchess de Chateauroux.

But this course of rivalry was interrupted. The king was suddenly seized with illness. Fitzjames, Bishop of Soissons, came to the royal bedside and remonstrated. The mistress was dismissed, with a kind of public disgrace, and the queen went in a sort of public pomp, to thank the saints for the royal repentence.

“ But,” says Walpole, “ as soon as the king’s health was re-established, the queen was sent to her prayers, the bishop to his diocese, and the Duchess was recalled—but died suddenly.” He ends the narrative with a reflection as pointed and as bitter as that of any French chamberlain in existence:—“ Though a jealous sister may be disposed to despatch a rival, can we believe that bishops and confessors poison?”

Madame de Pompadour had reigned paramount for a longer period than any of those Medeas or Circes. Walpole describes her as all that was charming in person and manner. But nearer observers have denied her the praise of more than common good looks, and more than vulgar animation. She, however, evidently understood the art of managing her old fool, and of keeping influence by the aid of his ministers. Madame mingled eagerly in politics, purchased de-

pendents, paid her instruments well, gave the gayest of all possible entertainments—a resistless source of superiority in France—had a purse for many, and a smile for more; by her liveliness kept up the spirits of the old king, who was now vibrating between vice and superstition; fed, feted, and flattered the noblesse, by whom she was libelled, and worshipped; and with all the remaining decencies of France exclaiming against her, but with all its factions, its private licentiousness, and its political corruption, rejoicing in her reign; she flourished before the eyes of Europe, the acknowledged ruler of the throne.

Can we wonder that this throne fell—that this career of glaring guilt was followed by terrible retribution—that this bacchanalian revel was inflamed into national frenzy—that this riot of naked vice was to be punished and extinguished by the dungeon and the scaffold?

Walpole, though formed in courts, fashioned in politics, and a hunter of high life to the last, now and then exhibits a feeling worthy of a manlier vocation, and an honest time. "If I do not forbid myself censure," says he, "at least I shall shun that poison of histories, flattery. How has it predominated in writers. My Lord Bacon was almost as profuse of his incense to the memory of dead kings, as he was infamous for clouding the memory of the living with it. Commines, an honest writer, though I fear, by the masters whom he pleased, not a much less servile courtier, says that the virtues of Louis XI. preponderated over his vices. Even Voltaire has in a manner purified the dross of adulation which contemporary authors had squandered on Louis XIV. by adopting and refining it after the tyrant was dead."

He then becomes courageous, and writes in his castle of Strawberry Hill, what he never would have dared to breathe in the circle of St. James's. "If any thing can shock one of those mortal divinities, and they must be shocked before they can be corrected, it would be to find, that the truth would be related of them at last. Nay, is it not cruel to them to hallow their memories? One is sure that they will never hear truth; shall they not even have a chance of reading it?"

In all great political movements, where the authority of a nation has been shaken, we are strongly inclined to think that the shock has originated in mal-administration at home. Some of the most remarkable passages in these volumes relate to our early neglect of the American colonies. In the perpetual struggles of public men for power, the remote world of the West seemed to be wholly forgotten, or to be remembered only when an old governor was recalled, or a new creature of office sent out. Those great provinces had been in the especial department of the Secretary of State, assisted by the Board of Trade. That Secretary had been the Duke of Newcastle, a man whose optics seem never to have reached beyond Whitehall. It would scarcely be credited, what reams of papers, representations, memorials, and petitions from that quarter of the world lay moulder and unopened in his office. He even knew as little of the geography of his province, as of the state of it. During the war, while the French were encroaching on the frontier; when General Ligonier hunted some defence for Annapolis, he replied in his evasive, lisping hurry, "Annapolis. Oh, yes, Annapolis must be defended—Where is Annapolis?"

But a more serious impolicy was exhibited in the neglect of American claims to distinctions and offices. No cabinet seems ever to have thought of attaching the rising men of the colonies, by a fair and natural distribution of honours. Excepting a few trifling offices, scarcely more than menial, under the staff of the British governors, or commissions in the provincial militia, the promotion of an American was scarcely ever heard of. The result was natural—the English blood was soured in the American veins, the original spirit of the colonist became first sullen, and then hostile. It was natural, as the population grew more numerous; while individual ability found itself thwarted in its progress, and insulted by the preference of strangers to all the offices of the country, that the feelings of the people should ponder upon change. Nothing could be more impolitic than a careless insult, and nothing more calamitous in its consequences. The intelligent lawyer, the enterprising merchant, the hardy soldier, and America had them all, grew bitter against the country of their ancestors. It would scarcely be believed, that the Episcopal Church was almost wholly abandoned to weakness, poverty, and unpopularity, and even that no bishop was sent to superintend the exertions, or sustain the efficacy, or cement the connexion of the Church in America with the Church in England. The whole of the united provinces were, by the absurd fiction of a sinecure law, "in the diocese of London!" Of course, in the first collision, the Church was swept away like chaff before the wind. An Episcopal Church has since risen in its room; but it has now no farther connexion with its predecessor than some occasional civilities offered to its tourist bishops on presenting their cards at Lambeth, or the rare appearance of a volume of sermons transmitted to our public libraries.

Another capital fault was committed in the administration of those great colonies: they had been peopled chiefly by emigrants of the humbler order. Leaving England chiefly in times of national disturbance, they had carried with them the seeds of republicanism; but all men love public honours, and Englishmen love them as much as any others. Hereditary honours, too, are the most valuable of all, from their giving a certain rank to those objects of our regard, which every honest and high-minded man values most, his children. To be the founder of a family is the most honourable, the most gratifying, and the most permanent reward of public talents. The Americans of our day affect to abhor a peerage; though no people on earth are more tenacious of the trifling and temporary titles of office. Nothing could have been easier at this period, than the creation of an aristocracy in America; and nothing could have been wiser. The landed proprietors, and there were some of vast possessions; the leading men of commerce, and there were some of great wealth; and the principal lawyers, and there were men of eloquence and ability among them—would have formed the nucleus of an aristocracy purely English, closely connected with the English throne as the fountain of honour, and not less strongly bound to English allegiance. An Episcopacy, of all ties the most powerful, required only a word for its creation. And in this manly, generous, and free-spirited connexion, the colonies would have grown with the growth of England; have shunned all the bitter collisions of rival interests; and have escaped the actual wars which inflicted disaster on both;

In Canada we are still pursuing the same system, inevitably to be followed by the same fruits. We are suffering it to be filled with men of the lowest order of society; with the peasant, the small dealer, the fugitive, and the pauper. Those men no sooner acquire personal independence, than they aim at political. But who ever hears of a title of honour among even the ablest, the most gallant, or the most attached of the Canadian colonists? The French acted more rationally. Their Canadians have a noblesse, and that noblesse to this moment keep their station, and keep up the interest of France in Canada. Our obvious policy would be, to conciliate the leading men by titles of honour, to conciliate the rising generation by giving them the offices of their own country, and make it a principle of colonial government, that while the

command of the forces, or the governor-generalship should be supplied from home, every office below those ranks should be given to those brave and intelligent individuals of the colony who had best earned them. We should then hear of no factions, no revolts, and no republicanism in Canada.

It is a curious contrast to the present state of things, that during the long reign of George II. government was simply a game. Half a dozen powerful men were the players. The king was merely the looker on, the people knew no more of the matter than the passers by through Pall-Mall knew of the performances going on within the walls of its club-houses. It must shock our present men of the mob to hear of national interests tossed about like so many billiard balls by those powdered and ruffled handlers of the cue. Yet every thing is to be judged of by the result. Public life was never exhibited on a more showy scale. Parliament never abounded with more accomplished ability. England never commanded higher influence with Europe. If her commerce has since become more extensive, it was then more secure, and if the victories of our own time have been on a scale of magnitude, which throws the past into the shade, our fleets and armies then gave proofs of a gallantry which no subsequent triumphs could transcend.

It cannot be doubted, that the habits of that rank to which the statesmen of that day were born, naturally influenced their views of political transactions. Though party unquestionably existed in all its force among them, there was no faction. If there was a strong competition for power, there was little of the meanness of modern intrigue; and a minister of the days of George II. would no more have stooped to the rabble popularity, than he would have availed himself of its assistance or dreaded its alienation.

We now come to one of those negotiations which, like a gust of wind against a tree, while they seemed to shake, only strengthened the cabinet. A violent attack had been made in the house upon Sir Thomas Robinson, a great favourite with the king. Walpole strikes off his character with his usual spirit. Sir Thomas had been bred in German courts, and was rather restored, than naturalised to the genius of Germany. He had German honour, loved German politics, and "could explain himself as little" as if he spoke "only German." Walpole attributes Sir Thomas's political distinctions simply to Newcastle's necessity for finding out men of talents inferior to his own, "notwithstanding the difficulty of the discovery." Yet if the duke had intended to please his master, he could not have done it more happily than by presenting him with so congenial a servant. The king, "with such a secretary in his closet, felt himself in the very Elysium of Heren-hausen."

Then follows a singular conversation between the king and Fox. The Duke of Newcastle saw his power tottering, and had begun to look out for new allies. His first thought was to dismiss Pitt, the next and more natural, was to "try to sweeten Fox." Accordingly, on the morning of the 29th, the king sent for Fox, reproached him for concurring to wrong Sir Thomas Robinson, and asked him if he had united with Pitt to oppose his measures. Fox assured him he had not, and that he had given his honour that he would resign first. Then, said the king, will you stand up and carry on my measures in the House of Commons, as you can do with spirit. Fox replied, I must know, sir, what means I shall have. "It would be better for you," said the king, "you shall have favour, advantage, and confidence," but would not explain particulars, only asking if he would go to the Duke of Newcastle.

"I must, if you command me," said Fox, "go and say I have forgot every thing."

"No," replied the king, "I have a good opinion of you. You have abilities and honesty, but you are too warm. I will send a common friend, Lord Waldegrave. I have obligations to you that I never mentioned. The prince tried you, and you would not join him, and yet you made no merit of it to me."

Mingled with these memoirs are appendices of anecdote, and those anecdotes generally of remarkable characters. Among the rest is a sketch of the famous Count Bruhl, one of those men who figured in Europe as the grand burlesque of ministerial life, or rather of that life, which in the East, raises a slave into the highest appointments of the state, and after showing him as a slipper-bearer, places him beside the throne. The extravagances of the court of Saxony at that period were proverbial, the elector being King of Poland, and lavishing the revenues of his electorate alike on his kingdom and person. While the court was borrowing at an interest of ten per cent. the elector was lavishing money as if it rained from the skies. He had just wasted £200,000 sterling on two royal marriages, given £100,000 sterling for the Duke of Modena's gallery of pictures, given pensions in Poland amounting to £50,000 sterling above what he received, and enabled Count Bruhl personally to spend £80,000 a year.

This favourite of fortune, originally of a good family, was only a page to the late king, and had the education of a page. By his assiduity, and being never absent from the king's side, he became necessary to this marvellously idle monarch; he himself, next to the monarch, being, probably, the idlest man in his dominions. The day of a German prime minister seems to have been a succession of formal idleness. Bruhl rose at six in the morning, the only instance of activity in his career. But he was obliged to attend the king before nine, after having read the letters of the morning. With the king he staid until the hour of mass, which was at eleven. From mass he went to the Countess Moyensha, where he remained till twelve. From her house he adjourned to dinner with the king, or to his own house, where he was surrounded by a circle of profligates, of his own choosing. After dinner he undressed, and went to sleep till five. He then dressed, for the second time in the day, each time occupying him an hour. At six he went to the king, with whom he staid till seven. At seven he always went to some assembly, where he played deep, the Countess Moyensha being always of the party. At ten he supped, and at twelve he went to bed. Thus did the German contrive to mingle statesmanship with folly, and the rigid regularities of a life not to be envied by a horse in a mill, with the feeble frivolities of a child in the nursery. His expenses were immense; he kept three hundred servants, and as many horses. Yet he lived without elegance, and even without comfort. His house was a model of extravagance and bad taste. He had contracted a mania for building, and had at least a dozen country seats, which he scarcely ever visited. This enormous expenditure naturally implied extraordinary resources, and he was said to sell all the great appointments in Poland without mercy.

Frederick of Prussia described him exactly, when he said, that "of all men of his age he had the most watches, dresses, lace, boots, shoes, and slippers. Caesar would have put him among those well dressed and perfumed heads of which he was not afraid." But this mixture of prodigality and profligacy was not to go unpunished, even on its own soil. Bruhl involved Saxony in a war with Frederick. Nothing could be more foolish than the beginning of the war, except its conduct. The Prussian king, the first soldier in Europe, instantly out-maneuvred the Saxons, shut up their whole army at Pirna; made them lay

down their arms, and took possession of Dresden. The king and his minister took to flight. This was the extinction of Brühl's power. On his return to Dresden, after peace had been procured, he lost his protector, the king. The new elector dismissed him from his offices. He died in 1764.

Some scattered anecdotes of Dodgington are characteristic of the man and of the time. Soon after the arrival of Frederic Prince of Wales in England, Dodgington set up for a favourite, and carried the distinction to the pitifulness of submitting to all the caprices of his royal highness; among other instances, submitting to the practical joke of being rolled up in a blanket, and trundled down stairs.

Dodgington has been already spoken of as a wit; and even Walpole, fastidious as he was, gives some instances of that readiness which delights the loungers of high life. Lord Sunderland, a fellow commissioner of the treasury, was a very dull man. One day as they left the board, Sunderland laughed heartily about something which Dodgington had said, and, when gone, Winnington observed, " Dodgington, you are very ungrateful. You call Sunderland stupid and slow, and yet you see how quickly he took what you said." " Oh no," was the reply, " he was only now laughing at what I said last treasury day."

Trenchard, a neighbour, telling him, that though his finery was extensive, he contrived, by applying the fire and tan to other purposes, to make it so advantageous that he believed he got a shilling by every pine-apple he ate. " Sir," said Dodgington, " I would eat them for half the money." Those are but the easy pleasantries of a man of conversation. The following is better: Dodgington had a habit of falling asleep after dinner. One day, dining with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, &c., he was reproached with his drowsiness. He denied having been asleep, and to prove his assertion, offered to repeat all that Cobham had been saying. He was challenged to do so. In reply, he repeated a story; and Cobham acknowledged that he had been telling it. " Well," said Dodgington, " and yet I did not hear a word of it. But I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day, you would tell that story."

There are few things more singular than the want of taste, amounting to the ludicrous, which is sometimes visible in the mansions of public men, who have great opulence at their disposal. Walpole himself, when he became rich, was an instance of this bad taste in the laborious frivolity of his decorations at Strawberry hill. But in Dodgington we have a man of fashion, living, during his whole career, in the highest circles, familiar with every thing that was graceful and classical in the arts, and yet exhibiting at home the most ponderous and tawdry pomp. At his mansion at Eastbury, in the great bed-chamber, hung with the richest red velvet, was pasted on every panel of the velvet his crest, a hunting horn, supported by an eagle, cut out in gilt leather, while the foot-cloth round his bed was a mosaic of the pocket flaps and cuffs of all his embroidered clothes.

He was evidently very fond of this crest, for in his villa at Hammersmith (afterwards the well known Brandenburg House,) his crest in pebbles was stuck in the centre of the turf before his door. The chimney-piece was hung with spars representing icicles round the fire, and a bed of purple lined with orange, was crowned by a dome of peacock's feathers. The great gallery, to which was a beautiful door of white marble, supported by two columns of lapis lazuli, was not only filled with busts and statues, but had an inlaid floor of marble, and all this weight was above stairs. One day showing it to Edward, Duke of York, (brother of George III.) Dodgington said, " Sir, some persons tell me, that this room ought to be on the ground. " Be easy, Mr. Dodgington," said the prince, " it will soon be there."

At length this reign, which began in doubt of the succession, and was carried on in difficulties both political and commercial, came to a close in the most memorable prosperity. The British arms were triumphant in every quarter, and the king had arrived at the height of popularity and fortune, when the sudden bursting of ventricle of the heart, put an end to his life in October, 1760, in his seventy-seventh year, and the thirty-third of his possession of the throne.

A general glance at the reigns of the first three Georges, might form a general view of the operations of party. In other kingdoms, the will of the monarch or the talents of the minister, alone stand before the eye of the historian. In England, a third power exists, more efficient than either, and moulding the character of both, and this is party, the combination of able members of the legislature, united by similarity of views, and continuing a systematic struggle for supremacy. This influence makes the minister, and directs even the sitter on the throne. And this influence, belonging solely to a free government, is essential to its existence. It is the legitimate medium between the people and the crown. It is the peaceful organ of that public voice which, without it, would speak only in thunder. It is that great preservative principle, which, like the tides of the ocean, purifies, invigorates, and animates the whole mass, without rousing it into storm.

The reign of George the First, was a continual effort of the constitutional spirit against the remnants of papistry and tyranny, which still adhered to the government of England. The reign of the second George was a more decided advance of constitutional rights, powers, and feelings. The pacific administration of Walpole made the nation commercial; and when the young Pretender landed in Scotland, in 1745, he found adherents only in the wild gallantry, and feudal faith of the clans. In England Jacobitism had already perished. It had undergone that death from which there is no restoration. It had been swept away from the recollections of the country, by the influx of active and opulent prosperity. The brave mountaineer might exult at the sight of the Jacobite banner, and follow it boldly over hill and dale. But the Englishman was no longer the man of feudalism. The wars of the Roses could be renewed no more. He was no longer the fierce retainer of the baron, or the armed vassal of the king. He had rights and possessions of his own, and he valued both too much to cast them away in civil conflict, for claims which had become emaciated by the lapse of years, and sacrifice freedom for the superstitious romance of a vanished royalty.

Thus the last enterprise of Jacobitism was closed in the field, and the bravery of the Highlander was thenceforth, with better fortune, to be distinguished in service of the empire.

The reign of the third George began with the rise of a new influence. Jacobitism had been trampled. Hanover and St. Germains were no longer rallying-cries. Even Whig and Tory were scarcely more than imaginary names. The influence now was that of family. The two great divisions of the aristocracy, the old and the new, were in the field. The people were simply spectators. The fight was in the Homeric style. Great champions challenged each other. Achilles Chatham brandished his spear, and flashed his divine armour, against the defenders of the throne, until he became himself the defender. The Ajax, the Diomede, and the whole tribe of the classic leaders, might have found their counterparts in the eminent men who successively appeared in the front

of the struggle; and the nation looked on with justified pride, and Europe with natural wonder, at the intellectual resources which could supply so noble and so prolonged a display of ability. The oratorical and legislative names of the first thirty years of the reign of George the Third have not been surpassed in any legislature of the world.

But a still more important period, a still more strenuous struggle, and a still more illustrious triumph, was to come. The British parliament was to be the scene of labours exerted not for Britain alone, but for the globe. The names of Pitt, Fox, Burke, and a crowd of men of genius, trained by their example, and following their career, are cosmopolite. They belong to all countries and to all generations. Their successes not only swept the most dangerous of all despots from the fields but opened that field for an advance of human kind to intellectual victories, which may yet throw all the trophies of the past in the shade.

THE OLD JUDGE; OR LIFE IN A COLONY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SAM SLICK THE CLOCKMAKER."

HOW MANY FINS HAS A COD; OR FORTY YEARS AGO.

John Barkins was a tall, corpulent, amphibious looking man, that seemed as if he would be at home in either element, land or water. He held in his hand what he called a nor'wester, a large, broad brimmed hat, with a peak projecting behind to shed the water from off his club queue, which was nearly as thick as a hawser. He wore a long, narrow-tailed, short waisted blue coat, with large white plated buttons, that resembled Spanish dollars, a red waistcoat, a spotted Bandanna silk handkerchief tied loosely about his throat, and a pair of corduroy trowsers, of the color of brown soap, over which were drawn a pair of fisherman's boots, that reached nearly to his knees. His waistcoat and his trousers were apparently upon not very intimate terms, for though they travelled together, the latter were taught to feel their subjection, but when they lagged too far behind, they were brought to their place by a jerk of impatience that threatened their very existence. He had a thick, matted head of black hair, and a pair of whiskers that disdained the effeminacy of either scissors or razor, and revelled in all the exuberant and wild profusion of nature. His countenance was much weather-beaten from constant exposure to the vicissitudes of heat and cold, but was open, good natured and manly. Such was my client. He advanced and shook me cordially by the hand.

" Glad to see you, sir," he said; " you are welcome to Plymouth. My name is John Barkins; I dare say you have often heard of me, for everybody knows me about these parts. Any one will tell you what sort of a man John Barkins is. That's me—that's my name, do you see. I am a persecuted man, lawyer; but I aint altogether quite run down yet, neither. I have a case in court; I dare say Mr. Robins has told you of it. He is a very clever man is old Billy, as smart a chap of his age as you will see any where a most. I suppose you have often heard of him before, for everybody knows William Robins in the se parts. Its the most important case, sir ever tried in this country. If I lose it Plymouth is done. There's an end to the fisheries, and a great many of us are going to sell off and quit the country."

I will not detail his case to you in his own words, because it will fatigue you as it wearied me in hearing it. It possessed no public interest whatever, though it was of some importance to himself as regarded the result. It appeared that he had fitted out a large vessel for the Labadore fishery, and taken with him a very full crew, who were to share in the profits or loss of the adventure. The agreement, which was a verbal one, was that on the completion of the voyage the cargo should be sold, and the net proceeds be distributed in equal portions, one half to appertain to the captain and vessel, and the other half to the crew, and to be equally divided amongst them. The undertaking was a disastrous one, and on their return the seamen repudiated the bargain and sued him for wages.

It was therefore a very simple affair, a mere question of fact as to the partnership, and that depending wholly on the evidence. Having ascertained these particulars, and inquired into the nature of the proof by which his defence was to be supported, and given him his instructions, I requested him to call upon me again in the morning before court, and bowed to him in a manner too significant to be misunderstood. He however still lingered in the room, and turning his hat round and round several times, examining the rim very carefully, as if at a loss to discover the front from the back part of it, he looked up, at last, and said,—

" Lawyer, I have a favor to ask of you."

" What is it?" I enquired.

" There's a man," he replied, " coming agin me to-morrow as a witness, of the name of Lillum. He thinks himself a great judge of the fisheries, and he does know a considerable some I must say; but, d—n him! I caught fish afore he was born, and know more about fishing than all the Lillums in Plymouth put together. Will you just ask him one question?"

" Yes, fifty if you like."

" Well, I only want you to try him with one, and that will choke him. Ask him if he knows 'how many fins a cod has, at a word.'

" What has that got to do with the cause?" I said with unfeigned astonishment.

" Everything, sir," he answered; " everything in the world. If he is to come to give his opinion on other men's business, the best way is to see if he knows his own Tarnation, man! he don't know a cod-fish when he sees it; if he does, he can tell you 'how many fins it has, at a word.' It is a great catch that. I have won a great many half pints of brandy on it. I never knew a feller that could answer that question yet, right off the reel."

He then explained to me, that in the enumeration one small fin was always omitted by those who had not previously made a minute examination.

" Now, sir," said he, " if he can't cypher out that question (and I'll go a hog'shead of rum on it he can't,) turn him right out of the box, and tell him to go a voyage with old John Barkins—that's me, my name is John Barkins—and he will learn him his trade. Will you ask him that question, lawyer?"

" Certainly," I said, " if you wish it."

" You will gain the day then, sir," he continued, much elated; you will gain the day then as sure as fate! Good-by, lawyer!"

When he had nearly reached the foot of the staircase, I heard him returning, and opening the door he looked in and said—

" You won't forget, will you? My name is John Barkins; ask any body about here, and they will tell you who I am, for everybody knows John Barkins in these parts. The other man's name is Lillum—a very decent sponsible-looking man, too; but he don't know everything. Take him up all short. 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' says you. If you can lay him on the broad of his back with that question, I don't care a farthing if I lose the case."

It's a great satisfaction to nonplush a knowin' one that way. You know the question!"

"Yes, yes," I replied impatiently, "I know all about it."

"You do, do you sir?" said he, shutting the door behind him, and advancing towards me, and looking me steadily in the face; "you do, do you? Then how many fins has a cod, at a word?"

I answered him as he had instructed me.

"Gad sir," he said, "it's a pity your father hadn't made a fisherman of you, for you know more about a cod now than any man in Plymouth; but one, old John Barkins—that's my name, my name is John Barkins. Everybody knows me in these parts. Bait your hook with that question, and you'll catch old Lillum, I know. As soon as he has it in his gills, drag him right out of the water. Give him no time to play, in with him, and whap him on the deck; hit him hard over the head, it will make him open his mouth, and your hook is ready for another catch."

"Good night, Mr. Barkins," I replied; "call on me in the morning. I am fatigued now."

"Good night, sir," he answered, "you won't forget?"

Dinner was now announced, and my friend Mr. Robins and myself sat down to it with an excellent appetite. Having done ample justice to the good cheer of Mrs. Brown, and finished our wine, we drew up to the fire, which at that season of the year was most acceptable in the morning and evening, and smoked our cigars. Bobins had so many good stories, and told them so uncommonly well, that it was late before we retired to rest. Instead of being shewn into the bed room I had temporarily occupied for changing my dress before dinner, I was ushered into a long low room, fitted on either side with berths, with a locker hanging round the base, and in all respects except the skylight resembling a cabin.

Strange as it appeared, it was in keeping with the place (a fishing port), its population, and the habits of the people. Mrs. Brown, the landlady, was the widow of a seafaring man, who had, no doubt, fitted up the chamber in this manner with a view to economise room, and thus to accommodate as many passengers (as he would designate his guests) as possible in this sailor's home. A lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and appeared to be trimmed and supplied for the night, so as to afford access and egress at all hours. It was almost impossible not to imagine one's self at sea, on board of a crowded coasting packet.

Retreat was impossible, and therefore I made up my mind at once to submit to their whimsical arrangement for the night, and having undressed myself was about to climb into a vacant berth near the door, when some one opposite called out,—

"Lawyer, is that you?"

It was my old tormentor the skipper. Upon ascertaining who it was, he immediately got out of bed and crossed over to where I was standing. He had nothing on but a red night cap, and a short, loose, check-shirt, wide open at the throat and breast. He looked like a huge bear walking upon his hind legs, he was so hairy and shaggy. Seizing me by the shoulders he clasped me tightly round the neck, and whispered,—

"How many fins has a cod, at a word?" That's the question. You won't forget, will you?"

"No," I said, "I not only will not forget it to morrow, but I shall recollect you and your advice as long as I live. Now let me get some rest, or I shall be unable to plead your cause for you, as I am excessively fatigued, and very drowsy."

"Certainly, certainly," he said; "turn in, but don't forget the catch."

It was some time before the hard bed, the fatigues of the journey, and the novelty of the scene permitted me to compose myself for sleep; and just as I was dropping off into a slumber, I heard the same unwelcome sounds,—

"Lawyer, lawyer, are you asleep?"

I affected not to hear him, and after another ineffectual attempt on his part to rouse me, he desisted; but I heard him mutter to himself,—

"Plague take the serpent! he'll forget it and lose all: a feller that falls asleep at the helm ain't fit to be trusted no how."

I was not doomed, however, to obtain repose upon such easy terms. The skipper's murmurs had scarcely died away, when a French fisherman from St. Mary's Bay entered the room, and tumbling over my saddle bags, which he anathematised in bad French, bad English, and in a language compounded of both and embellished with a few words of Indian origin, he called out loudly,—

"Celestine, are you here?"

This interrogatory was responded to by another from the upper end of the room,—

"Is that you, Baptiste? Which way is the wind?"

"Nor-nor' west."

"Then I must sail for Halifax to-morrow."

While Baptiste was undressing, an operation which was soon performed (with the exception of the time lost in pulling off an obstinate and most intractable pair of boots), the following absurd conversation took place. Upon hearing the word Halifax (as he called it) Baptiste expressed great horror of the place, and especially the red devils (the soldiers) with which it was infested. He said the last time he was there, as he was passing the King's Wharf to go to his vessel late at night, the sentinel called out to him, "Who comes dare?" to which impudent question he gave no answer. The red villain, he said, repeated the challenge louder than before, but as he knew it was none of his business he did not condescend to reply. The soldier then demanded in a voice of thunder, for the third time, "Who come dare?" to which, to use his own words, "I answer him, 'What the devil is that to you?' and ran off so fast as my legs would carry me, and faster too; but the villain knew the way better nor me, and just stuck his 'bagonut' right into my thigh, ever so far as one inch. 'Oh!' said Baptiste, (who had become excited by the recollection of the insult, and began to jump about the floor, making a most villainous clatter with the half-drawn boot), "Oh! I was so very mad you may depend. I could have murder him, I was so vexed. Oh I was so d— mad, I ran straight off to the vessel without stopping, and—jumped right into bed."

Celestine expressed great indignation at such an unprompted and cowardly assault, and advised him if he ever caught that soldier again, alone and unarmed, and had his two grown up sons, Lewis and Dominique with him, to give him a sound drubbing, and then weigh anchor, and set sail right out of the harbour. He congratulated himself, however, that if the soldier had run the point of his bayonet into his friend, he had lately avenged it, by making a merchant there feel the point of a joke that was equally sharp, and had penetrated deep.

He had purchased goods, he said, of a trader at Halifax upon this express promise,—

"If you will trust me this spring, I will pay you last fall. The mer-

chant," he observed, "thought I was talking bad English, but it is very good English; and when last fall comes again, I will keep my word, and pay him, but not till then. Don't he hope he may get his money the day before yesterday?"

Baptiste screamed with delight at this joke, which, he said, he would tell his wife, Felicite, and his two daughters, Angelique and Blondine, as soon as he returned home. Having succeeded, at last, in escaping from his tenacious boot, he turned in, and, as soon as his head touched the pillow he was sound asleep.

In the morning, when I awoke, the first objects that met my eye, were the Bandanna handkerchief, the red waistcoat and blue coat, whilst a good-natured face watched over me with all the solicitude of a parent for the first moments of wakefulness.

"Lawyer, are you awake?" said Barkins. "This is the great day—the greatest day Plymouth ever saw! We shall know now whether we are to carry on the fisheries or give them up to the Yankees. Everything depends upon that question; for Heaven's sake don't forget it!—How many fins has a cod, at a word?" It is very late now. It is eight o'clock and the court meets at ten, and the town is full. All the folks from Chebogue, and Jegoggan, and Salmon river, and Bever River, and Eel Brook, and Polly Crosby's Hole, and the Gut, and the Devil's Island, and Ragged Island, and far and near, are come. It's a great day and a great catch. I never lost a bet on it yet. You may win many a half pint of brandy on it if you won't forget it."

"Do go away, and let me dress myself!" I said petulantly. "I won't forget you."

"Well, I'll go below," he replied, "if you wish it, but call for me when you want me. My name is John Barkins; ask any one for me, for every one knows John Barkins in these parts. But dear me," he continued, "I forgot!" and taking an enormous key out of his pocket, he opened a large wooden sea-chest, from which he drew a large glass decanter, highly gilt, and a rummer of corresponding dimensions, with a golden edge. Taking the bottle in one hand and the glass in the other, he drew the small round gilt stopper with his mouth, and pouring out half a pint of the liquid he said, "Here lawyer, take a glass of bitters this morning, just to warm the stomach and clear your throat. It's excellent. It is old Jamaiky and sassy-prilly, and will do your heart good. It's an antifogmatic, and will make you as hungry as a shark and as lively as a thrasher!"

I shook my head in silence and despair, for I saw he was a man there was no escaping from.

"You won't, eh?"

"No, thank you, I never take any thing of the kind in the morning."

"Where the deuce was you broughten up?" he asked, with distended eyes, "that you havn't lost the taste of your mother's milk yet? You are worse than an Isle of Sable colt, and them wild, untamed animals suckle for two years! Well, if you won't I will then; so here goes," and, holding back his head, the potion vanished in an instant, and he returned the bottle and the glass to their respective places. As he went slowly and sulkily down stairs, he muttered, "Hang him, he's only a fresh water fish that, after all; and they ain't even fit for bait, for they have neither substance nor flavor!"

After breakfast Mr. Robins conducted me to the court house, which was almost filled to suffocation. The pannel was immediately called and the jury placed in the box. Previous to their being sworn, I asked Barkins whether any of them were related to the plaintiffs, or had been known to express an opinion adverse to his interests; for if such was the case, it was the time to challenge them.

To my astonishment, he immediately rose and told the judges he challenged the whole jury, the bench of magistrates, and every man in the house,—a defiance that was accompanied by a menacing outstretched arm and clenched fist. A shout of laughter that nearly shook the walls of the building followed this violent outbreak. Nothing daunted by their ridicule, however, he returned to the charge, and said,

"I repeat it; I challenge the whole of you, if you dare!"

Here the court interposed, and asked him what he meant, by such indecent behavior.

"Mean!" he said, "I mean what I say. The strange lawyer here tells me now is my time to challenge, and I claim my right; I do challenge any or all of you! Pick out any man present you please, take the smartest chap you've got, put us both on board the same vessel, and I challenge him to catch, split, clean, salt, and stow away as many fish in a day as I can,—cod, polluck, shad, or mackerel; I do not care which, for it's the same to me; and I'll go a hogshead of rum on it I'll beat him! Will any man take up the challenge?" and he turned slowly round and examined the whole crowd. "You won't, won't you? I guess not; you know a trick worth two of that I reckon! There lawyer, there is my challenge, now go on with the cause!"

As soon as order was restored the jury were sworn, and the plaintiff's counsel opened his case, and called his witnesses, the last of whom was Mr. Lillum.

"That's him!" said Barkins, putting both hands round my neck, and nearly choking me as he whispered,

"Ask him 'how many fins has a cod has, at a word?'" I now stood up to cross-examine him, when I was again in the skipper's clutches. "Don't forget, the question is—"

"If you do not sit down immediately, sir," I said in a loud and authoritative voice (for the scene had become ludicrous), "and leave me to conduct the cause my own way, I shall retire from the court!"

He sat down, and groaning audibly, put both hands before his face and muttered,—

"There is no dependence on a man that sleeps at the helm!"

I commenced, however, in the way my poor client desired; for I saw plainly that he was more anxious of what he called stumping old Lillum and nonplushing him, than about the result of the trial, although he was firmly convinced that the one depended on the other.

"How many years have you been engaged in the Labrador fishery, sir?"

"Twenty-five."

"You are of course perfectly conversant with the cod fishery?"

"Perfectly. I know as much, if not more, about it, than any man in Plymouth."

Here Barkins pulled my coat, and most beseechingly said,—

"Ask him—"

"Be quiet, sir, and do not interrupt me!" was the consolatory reply he received.

"Of course, then, after such long experience, sir, you know a cod fish when you see it!"

"I should think so!"

"That will not do sir. Will you swear that you do?"

"I do not come here to be made a fool of!"

"Nor I either sir; I require you to answer yes or no. Will you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it?"

"I will, sir."

Here Barkins rose and struck the table a blow with his fist that nearly split it, and turning to me said,—

"Ask him—"

"Silence, sir!" I again vociferated. "Let there be no mistake!" I continued. "I will repeat the question. Do you undertake to swear that you know a cod-fish when you see it?"

"I do sir, as well as I know my own name when I see it."

"Then, sir, how many fins has a cod at a word?"

Here the blow was given, not on the deal slab of the table, but on my back with such force as to throw me forward on my two hands.

"Ay, floor him!" said Barkins "let him answer that question! The lawyer has you there! How many fins has a cod at a word, you old sculpin!"

"I can answer that without hesitation."

"How many, then?"

"Let me see,—three on the back, and two on the belly, that's five; two on the nape, that's seven; and two on the shoulder, that's nine. Nine, sir!"

"Missed it, by Gosh!" said Barkins. "Didnt I tell you so? I knew he couldnt answer it. And yet that fellow has the impudence to call himself a fisherman!"

Here I requested the court to interfere and compel my unfortunate and ex-
eited client to be silent.

"Is there not a small fin besides?" I said, "between the under jay, and the throat?"

"I believe there is."

"You believe! Then sir, it seems that you are in doubt, and that you do not know a cod fish when you see it. You may go; I will not ask you another question. Go, sir! but let me advise you to be more careful of your answers for the future."

There was a universal shout of laughter in the court, and Barkins availed himself of the momentary noise to slip his hand under the table and grip me by the thigh, so as nearly to sever the flesh from the bone.

"Bless your soul, my stout fresh water fish!" he said; "you have gained the case after all! Didnt I tell you he couldnt answer that question. It's a great catch, isn't it?"

The plaintiffs had wholly failed in their proof. Instead of contenting themselves with shewing the voyage and their services, from which the law would have proved an assump^{tion} to pay wages according to the ordinary course of business, and leaving the defendant to prove that the agreement was a special one, they attempted to prove too much, by establishing a negative; and in doing so, made out a sufficient defence for Barkins. Knowing how much depended upon the last address to the jury when the judge was incompetent to direct or control their decision, I closed on the plaintiffs and called no witnesses. The jury were informed by the judge, that now having heard the case on the part of the plaintiffs and also on the part of the defendant, it was their duty to make up their minds and find a verdict for one or the other. After this very able, intelligible, and impartial charge, the jury were conducted to their room, and the greater part of the audience adjourned to the neighbouring tavern for refreshment.

The judges then put on their hats, for the air of the hall felt cold after the withdrawal of so many persons, and the president asked me to go and take a seat on the bench with them.

"That was a very happy thought of yours, sir," he remarked, "about the fins. I don't think another lawyer in the province but yourself knows how many fins a cod has. A man who has travelled as much as you have, has a great advantage. If you had never been in England you would never have learned that, for you never would have crossed the banks of New Foundland, and seen the great fishery there. But this is dull work; let us retreat into the adjoining room, and have a smoke until the jury returns. They will soon be back, and I think I may venture to say you are sure of a verdict. You displayed great skill in the matter of the fins."

Just as we were about retiring, our attention was arrested by a great noise, occasioned by a constable trying to remove a turbulent and drunken fellow from the court. The judge promptly interferred, fined him five shillings for his contemptuous conduct, and directed the prothonotary to lay it out in purchasing a bottle of wine wherewith to drink the health of the Stranger Lawyer. Having settled this little matter to his satisfaction, he led the way to the anteroom, where pipes were procured, and the officer soon appeared, with the wine, and some glasses. Filling a tumbler, the prothonotary apologised for not being able to remain with us, and drank, respectfully, to the health of the court.

"Stop, sir!" said the judge; "stop, sir! Your conduct is unpardonable! I consider your behavior a great contempt in helping yourself first. I fine you five shillings for your indecent haste, and request you to pay it immediately in the shape of a bottle of brandy; for that wine," of which he took a tumbler full by way of tasting, "is not fit for a gentleman to drink."

"A very forward fellow that prothonotary!" said the legal dignitary as the officer withdrew.

"Instead of being contented with being the clerk of the court, he wants to be the master of it, and I find it necessary to keep him in his place. Only think of his confounded impudence in trying to help himself first! He would drink the mill pond dry if it was wine, and then complain that it did not hold enough! For my own part, I am obliged to be very abstemious now, as I am subject to the gout. I never exceeded two bottles of late years, and I rectify the acidity of the wine by taking a glass of clear brandy (which I call the naked truth) between every two of madeira. Ah, here is the brandy, lawyer! Your very good health, sir—pray help yourself; and, Mr. Prothonotary, here's better manners, to you, in future. *Seniores priores*, sir; that's the rule."

Here the constable knocked at the door, and announced that the jury were in attendance.

"Don't rise, Mr. Standford," said the judge; "let them wait; haste is not dignified. Help yourself, sir; this is very good brandy. I always like to let them appear to wait upon me, instead of their thinking I wait upon them. What with the prothonotary treading on my toes and the jury on my heels, I have enough to do to preserve the dignity of the court, I assure you. But *Tempus praterlubet ext*, as we used to say at Cambridge, Massachusetts; that is, John Adams, sen., and our class, for I was contemporary with that talented and distinguished—ahem—stingy rebel! Help yourself, sir. Come, I wo't leave any

of this *aq*u*v*i*ta**** for that thirsty prothonotary. There sir," he said, smacking his lips with evident delight, "there is the *fins* and his *fin*. Now let us go into court. But give me your arm sir, for I think I feel a slight twinge of that abominable gout. A dreadful penalty that, that Nature assesses on gentility. But not so fast if you please, sir! true dignity delights in *otium*, or leisure; but abhors *negotium* or hurry. Haste is the attribute of a prothonotary, who writes, talks, and drinks as fast as he can, but it is very unbecoming the gravity and majesty of the law. The gait of a judge should be slow, stately and solemn. But here we are, let us take our respective seats."*

As soon as we made our appearance the tumultuous wave of the crowd rushed into the court house, and surging backwards and forwards, gradually settled down to a level and tranquil surface. The panel was then called over, and the verdict read aloud. It was for the defendant. Barkins was not so much elated as I had expected. He appeared to have been prepared for any event. He had had his gratification already "Old Lillum was floored," the "knowing one had been nonplussed," and he was satisfied. He had a duty to perform, however, which he did with great pleasure, and I have no doubt with great liberality.

The jury were to be "treated," for it was the custom in those days for the winning party to testify his gratitude by copious libations of brandy and rum. As soon as the verdict was recorded, he placed himself at their head, and led the way to the tavern with as much gravity and order, as if he was conducting a guard of honor. As soon as they were all in the street, he turned about, and walking backwards so as to face them, and at the same time not to interrupt their progress to that mansion of bliss, he said,—

"A pretty fellow, that Lillum, ain't he? to swear he knew what a cod was, and yet couldnt tell how many fins it had at a word! Who would have thought that milk-sop of a lawyer would have done so well! He actually scared me when I first saw him; for a feller that smokes cigars instead of a pipe, drinks red ink (port wine) instead of old Jamaiky, and has a pair of hands as white as the belly of a flat fish, ain't worth his pap in the general way. Howsumdever, it don't do to hang a feller for his looks after all, that's a fact; for that critter is like a singed cat, better nor he seems. But come, let's liquor!"

I did not see him again till the evening, when he came to congratulate me upon having done the handsomest thing, he said, as everybody allowed, that ever was done in Plymouth,—shewn the greatest fisherman in it (in his own conceit) that he didn't know a cod-fish when he saw it.

"It was a great catch, that, lawyer," he continued, and he raised me up in his arms, and walked round the room with me as if he were carrying a baby. "Don't forget it, 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?' Yaw never need to want a half pint of brandy, while you have that fact to bet upon!"

The next day I left Plymouth very early in the morning. When I descended to the door, I found both Robins and Barkins there, and received a hearty and cordial farewell from both of them. The latter entreated me if I ever came that way again, to favour him with a visit, as he had some capital Jamaica, forty years old, and would be glad to instruct me in the habits of fish and fishermen.

"I will show you," he said, "how to make a shoal of mackerel follow your vessel like a pack of dogs. I can tell you how to make them rise from the bottom of the sea in thousands, when common folks can't tell there is one there, and then how to feed and coax them away to the very spot you want to take them. I will shew you how to spear shad, and how to strike the fattest salmon that ever was, so that it will keep to go to the East Indies; and I will larn you how to smoke herrings without drying them hard, and tell you the wood and the vegetables that gives them the highest flavor; and even them cussed, dry, good for nothing, all wives, I'll teach you how to cure them so you will say they are the most delicious fish you ever tasted in all your life. I will upon my soul!"

"And now before you go I want you to do me a good turn, lawyer. Just take this little silver flask, my friend, to remember old John Barkins by, when he is dead and gone, and when people in these parts shall say when you inquire after him, that they don't know such a man as old John Barkins no more. It is a beautiful article. I found it in the pocket of a captain of a Spanish privateer, that boarded my vessel, and that I hit over the head with a handspike, so hard that he never knew what hurt him. It will just suit you, for it only holds a thimble-full, and was made a purpose for fresh-water fish, like Spaniards, and lawyers. Good by! God bless you, sir! A fair wind, and a short passage to you!"

I had hardly left the door before I heard my name shouted after me.

"Mr. Sandford!—lawyer!—lawyer!—"

It was old Barkins. I anticipated his object; I knew it was his old theme,—

"Lawyer, don't forget the catch. 'How many fins has a cod, at a word?'"

THE SPANISH SUCCESSION AND SPANISH MARRIAGES.

BY W. COOKE TAYLOR, LL.D.

On the 3rd of June, 1660, the Infanta Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV. King of Spain, married the young Louis XIV King of France; the husband renounced for himself and his heirs all right of succession to the Spanish throne, but was promised in return a moderate dowry, which, however, was only partially paid. It was on the side of the young king a marriage of political convenience; he had been fondly attached to Mary de Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin, but that minister, to whom historians have rendered scanty justice, preferred the interests of France to the aggrandisement of his own family, and, to use the quaint expression of one of our old writers, shewed that "diamonds and not hearts, are trumps in the game of politics." Miss Pardoe's interesting volumes* contain the history of the results of this marriage; she describes, as ladies only can describe, the sufferings of a fond and faithful wife, doomed to witness the undisguised infidelities of a heartless and selfish husband; she portrays misery hidden by magnificence, and the breaking of the heart concealed by the brilliancy of the court. To her we abandon the melancholy record which she has rendered with equal power, pathos, and truth; our purpose is to trace the political consequence of a union which, though contracted two hundred years ago, has still a marked influence on the diplomatic relations of the European States.

Forty years after the marriage we have described, Charles II. of Spain, widowed and childless, selected as his successor Prince Leopold of Bavaria, but scarcely had the choice been announced when the young prince sunk into an early grave. If the French renunciation should be held valid, the right of succession to the Spanish throne would have devolved upon the House of Austria, and scandal declared that the Imperial Court had not scrupled to employ

* Louis XIV and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century, by Miss Pardoe.

the most iniquitous means to secure so splendid an inheritance. The beautiful Queen of Spain, whose loss had broken the health and weakened the intellect of her surviving husband, was said to have been poisoned by the emissaries of Austria, and the Bavarian prince was believed to have fallen a victim to similar machinations. Such suspicions carefully infused into the mind of Charles naturally disposed him to look coldly on the more remote claims of the Austrian line, and to consider the propriety of bequeathing his crown to one of the grand-children of the Infanta, Maria Theresa, in spite of a renunciation, which he was led to believe had been invalidated by non-payment of the stipulated dowry.

In his difficulties he consulted Pope Innocent XII, who, like himself was fast sinking into the grave from incurable disease. A case of conscience was put by the dying king to the dying pontiff. The pope's reply to this solemn appeal was, that the children of the Dauphin of France were the true, only, and legitimate heirs to the Spanish monarchy. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the certainty of approaching and unavoidable death, felt both by appellant and the umpire, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the absence of all motive for corrupt decision, it would be difficult to believe, with the Court of Vienna, that designed injustice was perpetrated both in the Escorial and the Vatican.

Charles consulted not only the dying but the dead. A month before his death he announced his determination to visit and see the mortal remains of his father, his mother, and his adored first wife, the unfortunate Maria Louisa of Orleans. It was in vain that the court physicians remonstrated, and represented how fatal would be the effects of such a spectacle on his shattered frame and feeble health. Orders were given for the necessary preparations to the keepers of the Royal Tombs, and no sooner was it announced that all was ready than Charles arose, and supported by the Cardinal Ponto Carrero and the Count de Monterey, proceeded towards the vaults where the moulder remains of his ancestors reposed.

The passage to the Mausoleum of the Spanish kings in a long and gradual sloping descent, arched overhead in a ponderous and gloomy style of architecture; it was imperfectly lighted by the torches which the attendants bore, and the darkness combined with the damp to chill and unnerve the feeble monarch, whose trembling knees and failing breath gave sure indications that at no distant date he would again, and for the last time, be borne along the same road. The passage opened into a hall of tombs, illuminated by twenty enamelled lamps; on each sarcophagus was the image or the escutcheon of the royal personage by whom it was tenanted, "the pride of heraldry and the pomp of power" displayed, as if in mockery of the dead. Charles as he advanced was often forced to stop and lean for support on the Cardinal, who alone held self-possession during this fearful scene, until his confessor, pausing before a sarcophagus from which the lid had been removed, said, in a voice almost inarticulate from emotion, "Sire, it was your will to see Philip IV. of Spain once more; he lies before you!"

Great was the astonishment and horror of the spectators when the feeble Charles suddenly stood erect, and solemnly adjured the dead to give an approval of the disposition he had made of his kingdom! On the rebuke of his confessor, he meekly exclaimed, "I humble myself before God!" and then, having affectionately and respectfully embraced the cold remains, requested to be led to the tomb of his mother.

Here he displayed even greater emotion, and besought her pardon for having ever thought of bequeathing the Spanish sceptre to a family she hated; he then fondly kissed the fleshless cheek of the skeleton, and passed on to the last and dearest object of his melancholy visit, the withered remains of the lovely and beloved Maria Louisa of Orleans.

We must leave to imagination the bursts of anguish, the broken exclamations, and the heart-rending groans, which agonised the feeble frame of Charles as he traced the havoc which "Destruction's wasting fingers" had wrought on the loveliness by which his youthful heart had been enthralled. The circumstances of her death were so vividly and suddenly recalled to his mind that, Imagination for a moment became too powerful for Reason, and, in a hoarse whisper, he asked, "Who talked of poison?" The Cardinal, the Count, and the Confessor, were filled with alarm, they entreated him to come away; they besought him not to pollute the dwellings of the dead with the words or the thoughts of sin, and while they were thus engaged, the monarch, bursting from their hands with a scream, sunk, fainting, into a tenantless tomb which was open beside him. It was his own! He was borne from it by the attendants, flut in another short month it was his permanent abode.

This unparalleled scene decided the fate of the House of Austria: mother and wife seemed to have protested against them from the tomb. The necessary formalities for the recognition of the Duke of Anjou as heir to the Spanish monarchy were completed, and, on the death of Charles, he was recognized as Philip V. of Spain, by every European court, save that of Vienna, and was proclaimed at Madrid amid the rejoicings of the people. In two years wards, half Europe was in arms to burl him from his throne! It is singular that modern statesmen should forget so pregnant a comment on the value of renunciations and recognitions.

The war of the Spanish Succession was terminated by the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, and on this occasion solemn renunciations were made by the French and Spanish Houses of Bourbon to prevent the future uniting of the two monarchies.

In the spring of 1711, the son of Louis XIV, the Dauphin of France, fell a victim to the small pox, and was borne to his grave unattended by a single mourning coach. His eldest son, and successor as dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy and his duchess died soon after, under circumstances which gave rise to strong suspicions of poison; and sixteen days after the funeral of the Duke of Burgundy, his two sons, the Dukes of Brittany and Anjou, were attacked by a disease which exhibited fatal symptoms. The elder died, and the escape of the Duke of Anjou was almost universally attributed to the use of an antidote which the Duchess of Ventadour had procured for his use from the Duke of Savoy. The Duke de Berri, the second son of the first dauphin, was the next victim; his death was so sudden that suspicion became almost universal, and was fixed upon Philip, Duke of Orleans, who, on the failure of direct issue, was next heir to the throne of France. So general was the belief in his guilt, that he was insulted by the populace in the streets, and was compelled to have a guard for his security at the Palais Royal.

Two parties divided the court of Louis XIV. at the close of his reign; the princes of the blood represented by the houses of Orleans, Conde and Conti; and the natural sons of Louis whom he had legitimated and raised to the rank of princes. The latter were supported by the influence of Madame de Maintenon, and by the king's confessor, Le Zellier; the lady hoping through their means to be recognized as queen of France, and the priest, to promote the interest of the order of the Jesuits to which he belonged. The king's health

was an uncertainty; the next heir, the Duke of Anjou, was a child; and there was a struggle on the one side to secure the regency for Philip of Orleans as his hereditary right, and on the other to obtain it for the Duke du Maine, the most eminent of the legitimated princes. Louis, distracted by these discordant factions, was with difficulty induced to make a will, in which he bequeathed the Presidency of a Council of Regency to the Duke of Orleans, but gave a decided majority in the council to the party of the legitimated princes.

To Miss Pardoe's graphic pages we must refer our readers for a description of the closing scenes of the reign of Louis XIV.—a reign which had been protracted to the extraordinary duration of seventy-two years. He had been principally induced to overcome his superstitious dislike of making his will, by the proud hope of extending his power beyond the grave. He had not reached that grave before his whole system of policy was subverted, and his testamentary dispositions scattered to the winds.

Philip of Orleans was in his forty-second year at the death of Louis XIV.; from his mother, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, he had inherited a large share of German pride and phlegm, which were oddly mingled with the more brilliant characteristics of a Bourbon. From his portrait he appears to have been of low stature, with high shoulders and thick neck, but the delicate beauty of his features atoned for the defects of his form. His manners were easy, and his conversation attractive; he had a cultivated taste for literature and the arts, united to passionate love of the experimental sciences, particularly chemistry. The days of the alchemists had not yet gone by; Philip firmly believed in the philosopher's stone, and his ardour in pursuit of this and other mysterious secrets of nature, had been one of the reasons why the Parisians believed him to be an adept in poisoning. He was at once the most dissipated and most diligent of statesmen; the orgies of his halls were as profligate as the labours of his cabinet were severe. He passed from scenes of debauchery as licentious as those of Iberius, at Caprea to form the most complicated combinations of debauchery, and to conduct with unrivalled skill the most difficult transactions of diplomacy. In religion he belonged to the most heartless school of scepticism; he was one of that dissipated aristocracy which affected to despise Christianity because Jesus Christ was not of noble birth, and because the apostles were humble fishermen. But though he disbelieved revelation, he was in other respects the most credulous of mankind; he had full confidence in alchymy, astrology, necromancy, and all other forms of divination; so that one of his companions said, "he bestows on quacks the trust which he refuses to the regular physician."

The Duchess of Orleans was a natural daughter of Louis XIV.; the marriage had been very galling to the pride of Philip's mother, Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, and when she first heard of its being proposed she boxed her son's ears in the presence of the court. Philip was submissive to his mother, careless of his wife, and so passionately attached to his daughter that scandal affixed criminality to their intimacy.

Impious and profligate, and so far from being a hypocrite, that he took a miserable pride in proclaiming his infidelity, it is one of the most curious parts of his singular history that he resolved to obtain the unlimited regency by means of religion and the law. He proclaimed himself the patron of Jansenism and of "the liberties of the Gallican Church;" and he thus arrayed on his side a large body of the clergy, and a still larger proportion of the laity, weary of the ascendancy acquired by the Jesuits in the late reign.

The Parliament, which seemed devoted to his opponents, was the very first power won over to his side. Under the organized despotism of Louis XIV. this body had been strictly limited to its judicial functions, and had not even the power of remonstrance previous to the registration of the royal edicts. It was composed of the older nobility, the chief of the clergy, and the principal judicial functionaries promoted from the bar. Its members boasted that by its constitution it represented the three orders of the States-General, and always hoped that they would procure for their body some portion at least of the freedom and privileges possessed by the Parliament of England. The Duke of Orleans offered them unexpected means of gratifying their ambition by submitting to them in their judicial capacity the important question, "Whether he was not, in right of his birth, entitled to the Regency by the ancient laws and institutions of the realm?" To raise such a question was at once to acknowledge that France had a constitution; and to submit it to the decision of the Parliament was in fact to bestow upon that body the highest legislative functions, under the guise of judicial interpretation. If the Parliament held itself bound by the testamentary dispositions of Louis XIV. it would virtually have declared that all its own functions were subordinate to the royal will and pleasure, but by deciding in favour of the Duke of Orleans, it asserted its own plenary authority. Under such circumstances its decision could not long be doubtful. The Duke of Orleans was recognized as Regent in right of his birth.

After this decision the reading of the will was no better than a farce. It was, however, read, but only to have all its arrangements set aside; authority over the army and the troops of the household was declared to be inherent in a Regent as in a Sovereign; the Council of Regency was retained as the late king required, but its power was nullified by declaring that the Regent should add to it such other persons as he deemed competent to give advice on the affairs of the realm. In other words he could have whatever council he pleased.

Philip of Spain, the nearest living relative of the infant Sovereign of France, was very indignant when he learned the decision of the Parliament. If the will of the late king should be set aside, he believed that the Regency should be conferred on him of right, in spite of all the renunciations at Utrecht; and he could not help feeling that passing him entirely over, was in fact to exclude him from possible accession to the throne of France, of which he was by birth the heir presumptive. The Duke du Maine and the legitimated princes could therefore rely on the power and wealth of Spain in their opposition to the Regent; and the Duke of Orleans, in his turn, found it necessary to strengthen himself by some foreign alliance. The accession of the House of Hanover to the throne of England was a parliamentary bestowing of royalty to the exclusion of a legitimate heir; George I. was king as Philip of Orleans was regent, by the decision of a parliament, James Stuart had been excluded for the one as Philip of Spain had been passed over for the other. Similarity of circumstances thus led to "a cordial understanding" between the courts of St. James's and the Palais Royal, and from henceforward a kind of hereditary political connection has existed between the Whig families of England and the House of Orleans. Thus all the policy of Louis XIV., foreign as well as domestic, was subverted; the cause of the Stuarts, for which he had made such large sacrifices, was abandoned; the Protestant succession in England which he had devoted all his energies to overthrow, was deliberately maintained by his successor; Spain, which he had hoped to identify with France, was treated as

a hostile power, and the English, so long regarded as hereditary enemies became the most valued of allies. Could there be a greater satire on what has been called "the prospective wisdom of the statesmen who signed the Treaty of Utrecht?" The system of Louis XIV. had disappeared from the face of the earth before his body was laid in the grave. It is not wonderful, under such circumstances, that his funeral attracted but little attention. The day of his interment was as much a holiday to the Parisians as that of George IV. was to the citizens of London. We read in the *Gazette of Leyden* (the Times of that age) that the attendants and escort of the hearse stopped frequently to eat and carouse at the cake stalls and wine-shops on the road to St. Denis. Lampoons and pasquinades on his memory were circulated throughout Paris, many of which made bitter allusions to his having directed that his heart should be taken out and preserved in the church of the Jesuits. We translate one of these doggrel ditties as a specimen :

"Here lies the sire of toll and tax,
And other burthens on our backs ;
Pray for his soul's repose,—since thus
His death brings peace to him and us :
For his remains make joyous room,
Heartless in palace as in tomb."

¶ Such were the elegiac strains chaunted round the bier of him who, in his lifetime, had been worshipped as a deity. Massillon alone did justice to the memory of the mighty monarch, when standing with folded arms at the head of the coffin he broke the solemn silence which prevailed, and commenced his unrivalled funeral oration by proclaiming, "My brethren, God alone is great!"

The insurrection of 1715 burst forth in Scotland; James Stuart, whom his partisans called James III., prepared to traverse France, in order to embark from some port in Brittany to join his adherents : the English ambassador, Lord Stair, informed of all his movements by the Regent, formed a plot to assassinate him on the road. Seven determined men, under the command of a Scotch officer named Douglas, colonel of the Irish guards, posted themselves at Nouencourt, through which the dreaded claimant of the English crown had to pass, ready to rush upon his chaise the moment he appeared, and slay him on the spot. It is not known how this plot was discovered by Madame de Lospital, the mistress of the post at Nouencourt : let us hope that some feeling of honourable compunction induced the Regent to give her a hint that it was in her power to save James Stuart. So soon as the assassin came to Nouencourt, she sent off couriers to stop the Chevalier on his road, and convey him secretly to her country seat, where provision had been made for his security. At the same time she gave notice to the police of the appearance of suspicious strangers at Nouencourt, and some of them appear to have been arrested, for there is preserved in the archives of France a minute of an inquiry into this dark affair by M. de Rongault, chief of police at Rouen. James remained two days in his place of concealment, and then escaped to the sea-coast, disguised as an Abbe.

The suppression of the Jacobite insurrection of 1715, and the cruel punishments inflicted on those who had joined in it, by the ministers of George I., led to a closer intimacy between the courts of France and England. A triple alliance was formed against Spain by France, England, and Holland, and James Stuart was deprived of a home at St. Germain. One brief moment of brilliant romance gilded the unhappy days of the old Chevalier ; it was his marriage with the granddaughter of John Sobieski, the deliverer of Europe ; a marriage from which Alberoni hoped that there would issue a double line of royalty to occupy the thrones of Poland and England. Spain was arming to support his cause ; and, to complete the perplexing complications of the age, the French army, destined to over-awe the exertions of Spain in favour of James Stuart, was commanded by the Chevalier's natural brother, Marshal the Duke of Berwick.

But this "cordial understanding" with England was only maintained so long as it was necessary to the support of the Orleans regency ; it was abandoned by Philip of Orleans, as it has recently been by Louis Philippe of Orleans, for a Spanish marriage, and, to make the coincidence more complete, for a Montpensier marriage. The dismissal of Alberoni from his high post at Madrid preserved the peace of Europe. Philip of Spain entered into friendly relations with his cousin Philip of Orleans ; and, to cement their newly formed friendship, the young King of France was affianced to an Infanta, then only four years of age ; and the Regent's fourth daughter, the Duchesse de Montpensier, became the wife of the Prince of the Asturias, heir to the crown of France. Thus the policy of Louis XIV. was only abandoned for a time to be renewed more perfectly and completely ; the Montpensier marriage led the way to the family compact.

The death of the Duke of Orleans took place so soon after the termination of the Regency, that we must give some account of the close of his extraordinary life. His last mistress was the Duchess of Phalaris, a young lady of nineteen who was passionately enamoured of him, though he had nearly attained the age of fifty. She was his companion in the morning labours of his cabinet, as well as in the evening luxuries of his saloons ; she is said to have been his secretary as well as his mistress, and to have studied politics and diplomacy in the hope of rendering him assistance ; that she exerted herself to check his habits of intemperate indulgence is a fact better ascertained. In the cold winter of 1723, the Duke began to exhibit some febrile symptoms ; Chirac, his physician, who had much of the harsh and abrupt manner of our own Abernethy, visited him on the 29th of November, and observing his nervous frame, his blood-shot eyes, and his corrugated look, said, "Bleeding, bleeding at once, your Royal Highness!" The Duke smiled, and pointing to the bill of fare of one of his epicurean entertainments, replied, "Not yet, my dear doctor, I have not time to put myself under your care ; but come on Monday, my good fellow, and we shall see." On Monday the 2nd of December Chirac again appeared, again gave his Sangrado prescription, and was again repulsed for a tempting bill of fare. The duke desired him to come on the morrow, for the dinner of the day was to be one of surpassing luxury. He dined on the sumptuous repast that had been prepared, and then retired with the Duchess of Phalaris to a private room, which had been gorgeously decorated by the most celebrated artists of the day. Philip expressed a feeling of sleepiness, and threw himself into an arm-chair ; the young Duchess drawing a stool to his side, and throwing loose her hair, reposed her head on his knees. She had already begun to doze, when a slight movement induced her to look up ; she saw the Duke's head sunk upon his breast, and the glassiness of death in his eyes. She rung the bell—no one came ; she called—no one answered. She rushed in terror down the stairs, and at length found a few of the liveried attendants in the hall. They hastened back with her to their master ; they tried bleeding and applied stimulants, but their labour was vain : he was dead !

The king of Prussia has issued letters enacting that a general Diet of the

States shall be called together whenever a new loan, or new taxes are wanted, —and proposing to convoke them also for consultation whenever he thinks best :—This is the sum and substance of the 'Constitution' for which Prussia has been waiting so long.

THE FISHING STREAMS OF SCOTLAND.

FROM STODDART'S ANGLING SONGS.

"I've angled far and angled wide,
On Fannich drear, by Luchart's side,
Across dark Conan's current ;
Have haunted Beauly's silver stream ;
Where, glimmering through the forest, Dream,
Hangs its eternal torrent ;

"Among the rocks of wild Maree,
O'er whose blue billows ever free
The daring eagles hover,
And where, at Glomach's ruffian steep,
The dark stream holds its anger'd leap,
Many a fathom over ;

"By Lochy sad, and Laggan lake,
Where Spey uncoils its glittering snake,
Among the hills of thunder ;
And I have swept my fatal fly,
Where swarthy Findhorn hurries by
The older forest under ;

"On Tummel's solitary bed,
And where wild Tilt and Garry wed
In Athole's heathery valleys,
On Earn by green Dunira's bower,
Below Breadalbane's Tay-washed tower,
And Scone's once regal palace.

"There have I swept the slender line,
And where the broad Awe braves the brine,
Have watched the grey grise gambol,
By nameless stream and tarn remote,
With light flies in the breeze afloat,
Holding my careless ramble.

"But dearer than all these to me
Is sylvan Tweed ; each tower and tree
That in its vale rejoices !
Dearer the streamlets one and all,
That blend with its Eolian bawl
Their own enamouring voices !"

A BUFFALO HUNT

Antoine had two excellent horses, well trained and fleet. Having girted a strip of sheepskin upon his bay, and divested himself of everything but pantaloons and shirt, he twisted a red handkerchief about his head, and leaping lightly into his seat, lance in hand, he struck the rowels into the sides of his steed and was off at a killing rate in an instant. A herd of Buffalo was quietly feeding within a half mile of the camp, and away dashed the Mexican into the midst of it. The Buffalo scattered hither and thither, and the tramp of feet raised such a cloud upon the dusty plain, as to conceal at intervals the hunter and the hunted. The rifleman, meanwhile was making the best of his way on a slow-paced mule toward a group of fifteen or twenty, that were standing knee-deep in the bend of the river, like the dairy animals of some old cheese-making Cyclops. This was the Yankee's only hope, for Antoine had raised such a rout in the herd, upon his fleet courser, that a mule could scarcely "follow in the footsteps of its illustrious predecessor." The very landscape seemed now endowed with life and motion. All the men who were not on scouting duty were scattered out at various distances, and at the topmost speed of each individual mule. The red turban of Antoine appeared here and there through the dusty clouds in the midst of the whirling and thundering herd, like some red meteor. Dashing alongside of a huge bull that was lumbering off like a maddened elephant, Antoine, who carried the lance on his right hip, holding it there with the pressure of his elbow, the point nearly touching the ground, suddenly drew himself back, lifted the steel to a horizontal, and with a tremendous charge plunged it full two feet into the Buffalo's side—turned it once round—disengaged it, and on he went into the very midst of the frightened band. The huge animal gave a frantic toss of his head, a plunge or two, and pitched headlong in the dust. Another and another shared the same fate. Oh ! it was sight worth going to see ! Turn your eyes now to the flying drove. Mark the quick cross current of the rushing tide. There ! A fine cow clears herself from the crowd, and Antoine's red turban rising and falling with the motion of his horse, is in the thickest of the troop. Look ! Out he comes now right gallantly into full view, his horse covered with dust and flecked with foam, and urged to the top of his bent—the rider bearing his lance aright, his eye upon the fugitive, and his soul in his eye, his body a little inclined forward, rides like a bird on a driven and foamy billow. How nobly the Buffalo widens the space between herself and her pursuer—just now side by side—twenty feet—fifty feet—an hundred feet—bravely done ! See the rowels play ! Give me the glass. The blood trickles in a little ruddy stream from the horse's sides. Nearer, nearer, he gains, he laps—he heads ! No, no not quite—now's his time ! See ! The bridle-rein flies loose upon the courser's neck ; he brings up the lance from its rest—grasps it with both hands—poises it at full arm's length above his head. There ! He plunges the rowels into his horse's sides again to bring him up—now—now—he has thrown himself forward on the neck of his horse ; the lance flashes like lightning—it tells—see the cow strike out again—the lance is buried in the hollow below her hips. What a plunge ! He has lost his blade ! It clings in the wound. Poor Antoine ; his horse is exhausted and he reins up—there he sits like Apollo with his broken bow, the harmless shaft alone remaining in his hands. On bounds the Buffalo, on, on, away, away—how rapidly she diminishes—a black mote she now seems, flying along on the very verge of vision—she's gone—Buffalo, lance and all—but where's Antoine ? There he goes leisurely along ; he dismounts ; he is cutting the tongues from the three animals he has killed. He vaults to his seat again, quickens his pace and rejoins the company. "Well, Antoine?" Never a word did he say, but getting a new lance, mounts his favorite "roan" and is soon out of sight, in full chase of another band. He returned at night completely exhausted, ten tongues hanging from his saddle-bow.

JENNY LIND.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PROFESSIONAL CAREER OF JENNY LIND UP TO THE PRESENT TIME.

"That strain again; it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour."—SHAKESPEARE.

JENNY LIND was born at Stockholm on the 6th of October, 1821. Her mother had established a preparatory school there, in which her father, skilled in languages, assisted. As her parents possessed no independent property, they were compelled to exercise unremitting industry in their profession.

The childhood of Jenny, passed amidst the dry routine of serious studies, received no impulse from surrounding circumstances to the early development of her taste for music, which displayed itself in her third year. Whenever by chance a melody attracted her attention, she repeated it with such precision as to astonish and excite general admiration. This musical talent increased with her years, and unconsciously to herself, or parents, her future destiny declared itself in every action of life. She performed no task without the outpouring of her clear and melodious voice; no sickness afflicted the oft-suffering being so completely as to stop her occasional warbling. Song was the solace of an otherwise joyless existence. Naturally reserved and thoughtful, music seemed the only means Providence had bestowed on the pale, plain child, to attract the sympathy of her fellow-creatures. Thus, Jenny attained her ninth year: precocious in mind, and far beyond her age in observation and sensibility, but backward in physical growth.

A Swedish actress, the late Madame Lundberg, accidentally heard the extraordinary child. Astonished at the voice, execution, and taste of the embryo artiste, she called on Jenny's parents to awaken them to a sense of her vocation, and to conjure them not to neglect the treasure in their possession, but to dedicate her to the stage. Like many citizens' wives, the mother was governed by a prejudice against anything theatrical, and was at first shocked at the idea; but the resolute actress combated every objection on the part of the parents, and finally induced them to trust to the sharp intellect and early decision of character in the child for the choice of her future career. The actress, however, doubted whether the quiet and reserved little maiden had energy and courage sufficient to devote herself to the task. Jenny listened to the proposal eagerly, and declared her willingness to be brought up to the stage. Madame Lundberg, whose penetration thus paved the way to Jenny's fortune, took her to Croelius, an old man, famous as a music-master in Stockholm. Delighted at the wonderful facility she displayed in learning, he took her to Count Pücke, then director of the Court Theatre, and requested him to hear her, and, if approved of, to bring her out. The Count regarded the insignificant, almost awkward little creature with surprise, and asked Croelius dryly, what he intended to do with such a child, who appeared not to possess a single requisite for the stage? The worthy teacher was not to be deterred; he begged the Count would at least hear her, and if he found her unworthy his consideration, he himself would instruct her at his own expense, for he held it a sin, where genius manifested itself so distinctly, not to foster and protect it. This induced the Count at length to hear the child, whose voice possessed then the peculiar charm and heart-winning sweetness now matured in its fascination. He listened attentively, and all his prejudices vanished; scarcely had she finished, when he exclaimed, with delight, "She shall have all the advantages of the pupils in the Stockholm Academy." Shortly after, Jenny appeared in juvenile parts at the theatre, and produced an enthusiasm similar to the sensation Leontine Fay once excited at Paris. Vaudevilles were written for the genial little actress; her rich humor, fresh conception, and surprising originality constituted a youthful prodigy well deserving the title. In about a year, the aged Croelius resigned his pupil to the care of the more vigorous Berg, who undertook Jenny's instruction with equal zeal, and to whose excellent elementary studies may be attributed the perfection of her peculiar style.

Restlessly striving forward, borne up by the applause lavished on her representations, welcomed in the first society for the unpretending amiability of her character, Jenny reached her twelfth year, and with it, alas, expired the rosy dream of youth, and she awoke to the sad reality that she had grown out of her juvenile parts, and was not yet considered fit for the higher ones. In addition to this chagrin, she suddenly lost her delightful upper notes; the voice that remained was tuneless; her worthy master strove in vain to revive the silver tones of his favorite; apparently they had departed for ever; the hope of preparing her for the Grand Opera was abandoned. She appeared but seldom in trifling soubrette parts, and as it often occurs with infant phenomena, the public soon forgot the impression previously made, and regretted only that such expectations had been blighted.

The maiden, whose light of life was song, bore her sudden deprivation with silent resignation. To appear as *Agatha* in Weber's "Freischütz" had been the ideal of her youthful ambition, the crowning point to which her soul aspired—it vanished from her ardent gaze into the heavy clouds of despair—she remained hopeless, the elevation of her spirit fled—she sang no more, though continuing her musical studies. Four long years passed so, when it happened, at a concert in which the fourth act of Meyerbeer's "Robert the Devil" was announced, a singer for the part of *Alice* was required, who has only a solo in the act, at that time little known in Germany. No one would accept the unimportant solo, when Berg thought of his unhappy pupil as a "pisaller," and determined to hazard its total failure in her hands.

Jenny undertook it with anxious heart, and devoted her powers to the accomplishment of the seemingly insurmountable task.

On the evening of the performance, to the astonishment of all, the long-departed voice returned. The wonder-stricken public hailed at once the almost miraculous recovery, and enthusiastic applause pealed and repeated at the conclusion of the solo, which the established vocalists had refused with contempt. Who can describe the emotion, the thrilling sensation of genius so long depressed, restored to hope—the grateful joy of the patient pupil, when the delighted master told her to get ready the part of *Agatha*, for an early appearance in opera—her oft dreamed of, despaired of *Agatha*! There was a bright flash of the expressive eye, extinguished by a twinkling, pearly drop. Eureka! she had gained it, and the quiet maiden resumed her usual tranquil demeanor.

She had not yet performed any parts of a serious description, or received any instructions for tragic impersonations, and consequently betrayed all the ignorance of the novice in what is professionally termed "stage business." At first, she stood motionless, without any attempt at action, paying deep attention to the directions, however, of what should be done in the different scenes. By

degrees, she entered a little into the acting of the part, and the evening at length arrived, her friends almost hopeless, and trembling for the result.

Jenny Lind's first appearance in *Agatha* was one of those extraordinary exhibitions of the power of genius in surmounting ordinary difficulties—she surprised the best actors by her exquisite acting, astonished her friends by the perfect ease with which she went through the part, and drew the refractory orchestra, who had commenced the allegro too slowly, into her own time. There was a general buzz of amazement behind the scenes (possibly like that which rose at the conclusion of the celebrated scene in the third act of the "Merchant of Venice," when Edmund Kean made his débüt at Drury Lane,) and a tumult of rapturous delight before the curtain. Universal approbation crowned the entrance of the talented girl of sixteen on her career of fame.

Jenny Lind speaks of Weber's "Agatha" at the present day with unaffected veneration as the foundation-stone of her fortune. She was immediately engaged for the principal parts:—opera succeeded opera with increasing attraction—*Alice*, *Euryanthe*, the *Vestal*, were great efforts at her age! Become now the darling of her native city, something whispered that all was not achieved—she felt that her excellent master had done all in his power, yet the finishing hand to the work was wanting, if she meant to ascend the lofty professional height an innate sense pointed out as her sphere. Garcia had been long considered the best singing-master in Europe, and an uncontrollable desire impelled her to seek him out at Paris. But how to accomplish it?—where the means, on resigning her engagement, to live one or two years in a foreign country? She treasured the sweet aspiration in her heart—the means should be provided by her own exertions. Turning to account the vacation at the theatre, she travelled with her father through all the great and small towns of Norway and Sweden, arranged concerts with indefatigable energy, gaining everywhere admiration and the pecuniary supplies for the completion of her project. On returning to Stockholm, she made known to the management her determination, enforcing it with such good reasons, that they could not refuse the request; and the resolute girl obtained the required leave of absence. Her parents did not attempt to dissuade her from the step—they knew the purity and strength of her character, and resigned her to the stirring impulse of her genius. They could not accompany her during this long absence without abandoning their own means of existence, and so, though scarcely eighteen years old, she set out alone for the great city with no protector, but an exalted love for the art, and an incessant watchfulness over her self-respect. Arrived at Paris, she hastened to Garcia, to whom she had brought the most earnest and favorable recommendations. The long journey, the separation from those who had been her protectors and companions, the engrossing thought of home which preyed upon her, like the agony of the Swiss, "when far away from his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds," did not delay the important visit; with feverish anxiety, she passed the threshold of his door, and stood before the master, upon whose decision her future prosperity rested. Garcia received her kindly, and listened to her singing without any sign of approbation or disapproval; when she had finished, he said, calmly, "My child, you have no voice! or you have had a voice, and are on the point of losing it; you have sung too much or too early, for the organ is thoroughly worn out. I can give you no instruction at present; do not sing a note for three months, and then come and see me again." With this overwhelming farewell, the humiliated aspirant left the man on whom she had set all her hopes of future pre-eminence.

Jenny Lind passed three months in deep retirement, counting the tedious days, till the period of the second probation arrived. Garcia again listened with deep interest and attention; on concluding the piece, he replied to the expressive look bent on him for judgment in these words, "My child, you can begin your lessons immediately." Jenny returned from the second visit with a bright eye and elastic step—she might sing again; and anon, the sweet tones of her native melodies carolling forth upon the raptured heart and ear. Time galloped now; the genius exulted in her growing strength, overcoming, daily, deficiencies pointed out and eradicated by the consummate experience of Garcia. After remaining a year at Paris, absorbed in unremitting study and improvement, one of her countrymen, a talented composer, came to remind her of the promised return to Stockholm, and took the opportunity of introducing her to Meyerbeer, then at Paris, whose experienced ear caught the magic sweetness of her voice with delight. To try its strength, he appointed a rehearsal with full orchestra at the Opera House, and Jenny Lind sang, and performed three of the principal scenes from "Robert," "Norma," and "Der Freischütz" with such complete success, that Meyerbeer immediately offered her an engagement for Berlin; but she had given her word to return to Stockholm, and shortly after, re-appeared there with immense success. The favorite had now become the pride of her native city, enthusiastically admired for brilliant talents, and respected by all for her spotless character.

In the following spring, Meyerbeer renewed his offers for the opening of the new Opera House at Berlin, and after some hesitation, arising from reluctance to quit her native city, she accepted the conditions with the understanding that she might return to Stockholm for the celebration of the King's coronation. In August, Jenny Lind left for Dresden, where Meyerbeer then was, partly to conclude the necessary arrangements, and also to acquire a requisite knowledge of the German language.

In the latter part of October, 1844, she arrived at Berlin, and on her appearance in public fully realized the expectations of the great composer, creating at once the same enthusiasm as in her native land, which continued unabated till her departure in March. Before returning home, she visited several of the cities and larger towns of Germany with triumphant success; at Hamburg, a superb silver laurel wreath was presented at her departure. In the summer of this year, 1845, she was invited by the King of Prussia to sing at the festival prepared on the banks of the Rhine, in honor of the Queen of England, on which occasion she appeared also at Frankfort, and Cologne, when the Countess Rossi (Henrietta Sontag) named her the first vocal actress of the day.

From November, 1845, to the end of March, 1846, she fulfilled another engagement at Berlin, and on the 22nd April made her first appearance at Vienna in "Norma." The expectations of a critical public were raised to an extraordinary pitch. Seats were sought for at any price; every nook and cranny of the largest theatre of Vienna was occupied, and from each and all, one unanimous salvo of applause greeted the magnificent execution of the first aria, the acclamations increasing, if possible, to the end of the opera. She appeared eleven times at the theatre and twice at concerts for charitable purposes, when she sang her enchanting Swedish melodies. Jenny Lind left Vienna to assist at the musical festival of Aix-la-Chapelle, from thence to Hanover, then to Bremen, Hamburg, Stugardt, Munich, and thence again to Vienna, where she re-appeared on Thursday, 7th January, 1847, in Donizetti's opera of the

"Daughter of the Regiment," which has been repeated several times to overflowing houses.

No portrait can give an accurate idea of Jenny Lind, the whole expression of the features changing at the control of a lofty genius. In "Norma," the wildly flashing eye strikes the spectator with awe; as "Amina," in the "Somnambulist," it beams with tenderness and love. The impersonation of opposite characters presents a refined delicacy of conception, seconded by an indescribable grace.

London Court Journal.

GREAT VICTORY.

It will be seen, by the extracts which we publish below, that Gen. Taylor withdrew his little army from Agua Nueva on the 21st, and took up a position at Buena Vista, ten miles this side of Agua Nueva, and six west of Saltillo; he had chosen this ground from a conviction that it was better adapted to his purposes than any other. He had with him about five thousand men, chiefly volunteers; and awaited the attack of Santa Anna. On the 22d the Mexican General commenced the engagement by sending a force to Gen. Taylor's rear, which was, however, promptly repulsed by the artillery. The next day the fight was renewed by an attack in front and was waged throughout the entire day, when Santa Anna withdrew to Agua Nueva, leaving Gen. Taylor in complete possession of the ground. The action was fierce, and bloody to an extent unparalleled in the previous history of the war. The American loss is stated at about 700 in killed and wounded 63 of whom are officers. Among the latter are Lieut. Col. Henry Clay, Jr., son of the great American statesman; Col. A. Yell, Ex-Governor of Arkansas; Col. Hardin, formerly member of Congress from Illinois. Capt. Lincoln, of Massachusetts, who distinguished himself on the 9th of May against Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi; and others. Gen. Taylor escaped unscathed, though he was constantly in the thickest of the fight and received a ball through his overcoat. His assistant Adjutant General, Bliss, was slightly wounded. Santa Anna's loss is roundly stated at 4000 killed and wounded, a number almost equal to the entire American force! His army numbered at the lowest estimate 17,000 men. His own despatch announces that both armies were "cut to pieces." So far as this evidence is against himself, it is of course, conclusive. He also announces that as soon as he could procure the needed provisions for his army, he should again give Gen. Taylor battle. That he did not do so, however, is evident from the fact, that during the 24th and 25th, Gen. Taylor held undisturbed possession of the field he had so gloriously won. Reinforcements were on their way to join him, from Monterey; and long before Santa Anna would be prepared to show himself again, the General would be ready to repeat the fight.

[From the N.O. Delta, March 23.]

On the 22d Santa Anna began the battle by various manœuvres, attempting to outflank and terrify old Rough and Ready. On that day the battle was confined to skirmishing and cannonading, without much effect on either side.

In the meantime, Santa Anna had sent a large force to Taylor's rear, but our artillery opened upon them with great effect, and they were soon compelled to withdraw. On the 23d the battle commenced in real earnest, and raged with great violence during the whole day.

The Americans did not wait to be attacked, but with the most daring impetuosity charged on the enemy with loud huzzas, their officers leading them most gallantly. Gen. Taylor was everywhere in the thickest of the fight. He received a ball through his overcoat but was not injured.

Adj. Bliss was slightly wounded at his side. Adj. Lincoln, also of the general's staff, the intrepid young officer who so distinguished himself at Resaca de la Palma, was killed.

The battle of the 23d, lasted from early in the morning, till about 4 P. M., when Santa Anna drew off his army, and retired to Agua Nueva to await a reinforcement.

It will be remembered that Santa Anna's corps de reserve, commanded by Gen. Vasquez, had been delayed in its march, and has no doubt joined him, a few days after the battle; but in the meantime his army is starving and many of his men deserting.

Capt. Hunter's strong artillery company was not in the action, but had left Monterey to join Gen. Taylor, with six cannon, two of them being eighteen-pounders.

On the 7th March one of the Ohio regiments also left Monterey to join Gen. Taylor. If these and the heavy artillery of Captain Prentiss arrive in time, the General's heavy loss will be fully repaired, and he will be ready to meet Santa Anna again.

An exchange of prisoners had taken place, and old Rough and Ready's promise to Colonel Marshall, to get back C. M. Clay and his party, by taking Mexican prisoners enough to exchange for them, has been fully redeemed.

General Wool greatly distinguished himself in the action, and all the officers fought like heroes. After the battle, General Taylor demanded of Santa Anna an unconditional surrender of his whole army, which the latter declined; but, in return, requested General Taylor to surrender immediately. Immortal be the reply of old Rough and Ready, as delivered by the gallant Lieutenant Crittenton,—

"GENERAL TAYLOR NEVER SURRENDERS!"

Santa Anna's Adjutant-General was captured by the Americans, but was afterwards exchanged. Gen. Taylor occupied his ground on the 24th and 25th without opposition.

Colonel Morgan, of the Ohio Volunteers, with a small force, cut his way through large bodies of armed Mexicans, and arrived at Marin. A detachment of three companies under the command of Colonel Giddins, was sent to his aid and the whole party are said to have arrived safely at Monterey.

A train of 100 loaded wagons of the United States, on their way from Monterey to Camargo under an escort of 30 men was captured by a body of Mexican cavalry a few miles beyond Marin. Three of the men made good their escape—the rest were taken prisoners.

A young lady, the daughter of an American citizen living in Mexico, and returning home from New Orleans, where she had been going to school, was taken with this train, her father having been killed by the Mexicans. She had escaped and arrived at Monterey in safety, where her misfortunes had excited the most lively sympathy. The lady's name is Miss Burns.

Col. Curtis of the Ohio volunteers, has started on his expedition against Urrea, who was at Aldemas, a village on the San Juan river, about 40 miles from Camargo.

The Col. has a fine force of volunteers, composed of the Ohio and Indiana regiments, and two or three companies of Virginia volunteers, and Capt. Winter's company of U.S. dragoons.

The Mexicans have possession of Cerralvo, China, Mier, and all the towns beyond Camargo and Monterey. Major Coffey, paymaster, will carry on General Taylor's despatches to Monterey.

On the 8th March, Dr. Turner, U.S. Army, after many dangers and hairbreadth escapes, arrived in safety at Matamoras. Previous to his arrival, the communications between Monterey and our lines on the Rio Grande, had been closed for several days. Dr. Turner communicated to one of our correspondents a hurried account of the severe battle of Buena Vista, fought between Gen. Santa Anna's forces, about 17,000 strong, and Gen. Taylor's little army, between 4000 and 5,000, mostly volunteers. The battle began on the glorious anniversary of the birth of Washington, a fit day for the display of American patriotism and valor. The scene of this bloody fight was at Buena Vista, the point upon which Gen. Taylor had fallen back from Agua Nueva, and is about seven miles from Saltillo.

The Mexicans advanced upon him with great boldness, bravely led on by their best officers, but were met by our gallant volunteers with the cool firmness of veteran soldiers. A fierce and long battle ensued, the Mexicans charging with their bayonets to the very muzzles of our artillery, and receiving the deadly and destructive fire of our guns, with unflinching courage. Our men gave not an inch, but maintained their position on the bloody field the whole day of the 22d, and on the next day until the evening, when the Mexicans retired to Agua Nueva, leaving their killed unburied, and all their wounded on the field where they fell. The killed and wounded on the Mexican side are estimated at 4,000. Some of the Mexican officers taken prisoners admit their loss was at least 2,000. The American loss was about 700 killed and wounded. Santa Anna in his letter, which we publish from the *Tampico Sentinel*, admits that his army is cut up. That the victory was on the side of Gen. Taylor is abundantly proved by Santa Anna's precipitate retreat eighteen or twenty miles to the rear. As to his trophies, we consider that part of his letter as apocryphal, and shall wait for the particulars before we fully credit it. This victory has been achieved at great sacrifice on our part. *The valor of our volunteer officers led them into the hottest part of the fight and consequently the number of officers killed and wounded is lamentably great—Every volunteer colonel but one was either killed or wounded.*

[From the *New Orleans Bulletin*, March 23.]

The reports have been circulating for some days, of a severe battle between Gen. Taylor and Santa Anna, are at length confirmed, and the result has been another glorious triumph to the American army. The news was brought by the schooner John Bell, from Brazes.

It appears that Gen. Taylor had fallen back from Agua Nueva to Buena Vista, (about six miles beyond Saltillo) as a more advantageous position for receiving the attack from a force so vastly his superior, and that the action continued two days, and ended in Santa Anna's complete repulse, after a terrible carnage. Santa Anna's account of the battle, which also is received by a vessel below, from Tampico, acknowledges that his army has been cut to pieces, though he asserts the same thing as regards Gen. Taylor—he exaggerates the force of the American army, which we know did not exceed 5000 men, and has no doubt exaggerated in other respects. As to General Taylor having been driven from five of his positions, the result of the action completely disproves the assertion, and we have no doubt, the American army never changed the ground on which the action commenced, for with such an overwhelming force against them, any serious reverse during the battle could hardly have been recovered, and would have ended in their defeat.

The evolutions of our flying Artillery, have probably been mistaken by Santa Anna for a change of position, and we have no doubt that the enemy's ranks have suffered dreadfully from that highly efficient corps of our army.

We shall feel great anxiety to hear the details, and particularly a list of the gallant spirits who have fallen on our side—it is painful to contemplate even the few names that we have received, among which will be seen with deep regret, that of Lieut. Col. Clay, the eldest son of the honored statesman who left this city but a few days since, with gloomy forebodings, and an evident presentiment of evil. The blow will be keenly and deeply felt. Col. McKee, of the same regiment, it will be seen, has also fallen, and we learn that the regiment itself has suffered dreadfully.

We have no belief in Santa Anna's intention to renew the battle after he obtained provisions—his own admissions show, he has suffered severely, and the morale of his army must be too much deranged to render it possible for him to restore their organization and confidence so promptly. Gen. Taylor, besides, will be immediately reinforced from Monterey and Camargo, and has full stores and supplies of every kind, whilst Santa Anna is destitute of the means either to restore or strengthen his army.

It was in conversation only yesterday, that a staff officer, recently from the army, stated to us, if the reports of a battle having been fought were true, that he was convinced it had taken place at Buena Vista, as he had heard Gen. Taylor express his intention to take up that position in case of a superior force advancing on him. We mention this to show that Gen. Taylor was not driven from Agua Nueva, but had voluntarily fallen back to a battle ground of his own choice.

The result of this battle will shed additional glory upon the American arms, and when it is recollected that it has been an open field fight, by a force almost exclusively composed of raw volunteers, who have only been embodied a few months, and against an army of regular troops, four fold their own number, it has no parallel in the military annals of modern warfare.

[From the *New Orleans Times*, March 23.]

Taylor has been reinforced since the battle, by Col. Morgan and his regiment—giving him as many as he has lost, say 800—and also with Capt. Prentiss's battery, not having, as before stated, met with a defeat or capture.

I hear nothing of Col. May.

"Old Rough and Ready" has escaped without a scratch.

The Rinconada Pass between Monterey and Saltillo has been kept constantly open, and the credit belongs to Gen. Tom Marshall, of Kentucky.

All that you have heard about American cannon being taken, is false; but be pleased to remember, that what I reported as Gen. Taylor's answer to Santa Anna, when he demanded him to surrender, is exactly what I communicated to you—"Come and take me."

700 killed and wounded on the American side.

4000 killed and wounded on the part of the Mexicans.

Adjutant General of the Mexican army, a prisoner.

Santa Anna commanded in person.

This express comes from Major Butler, at Monterey, and was nine days from that place to Camargo. All Gen. Taylor's expresses have been cut off, except the one bringing the intelligence to Butler. This is the 17th day since he heard from Gen. Taylor.

The battle was fought at a Rancho called "Buena Vista" six miles from Saltillo—a perfect plain.

Santa Anna retired in order.

By the express there is nothing definite as to any particular acts of gallantry. With such results, all must have done more than their duty.

I hope you will remember, this result has been obtained by volunteers, without material assistance from regulars. And this, while it does not detract from the just fame of the regular army, must afford convincing proof of the efficiency of a volunteer force.

Though Santa Anna has been compelled to retire, there is every probability there will be another battle; but for the result we have nothing to fear. According to our present advices, the communication between Monterey and Saltillo is open, and will enable Taylor to receive the few reinforcements which have gone on, and any supply of ammunition from the former place, even if he does not see fit to retire that far.

The following is Santa Anna's account of the battle, translated by the Tampico *Sentinel*:

CAMP NEAR BUENA VISTA, Feb. 23, 1847.

Excellent Sir—After two days of battle, in which the enemy, with a force of 8,000 to 9,000 men, and twenty-six pieces of artillery, lost five of his positions, three pieces of artillery, and two flags, I have determined to go back to Agua Nueva to provide myself with provisions, not having a single biscuit or a grain of rice left. Thanks to the position occupied by the enemy, he has not been completely beaten, but he left on the field about 2000 dead. Both armies have been cut to pieces, but the trophies of war will give you an idea on which side has been the advantage.

We have struggled with hunger and thirst during forty-eight hours, and if we can provide ourselves with provisions we will go again to charge the enemy. The soldiers under my command have done their duty and covered the honor of the Mexican nation with glory; the enemy has seen that neither his advantageous position, nor the broken nature of the ground, nor the rigour of the season (for it has been raining during the action) could prevent the terrible charge with the bayonet, which left him terrified.

SANTA ANNA.

In addition to the above, we find in the same paper a private letter from an officer in the Mexican army, giving some facts which, when contrasted, has something of "the sublime and ridiculous" order, mingled with the horrible. At first he states that the Mexican army were then encamped upon the same ground which they had previously occupied, from which we infer that they had been driven from it, and had been able to recover it either from the fact that the American forces had chosen some other camping ground, or they generously permitted them to remain, where, by the fortune of the day, they found themselves at the close of the contest. He also states that the loss of the Mexicans was about 1000 men, and that their disposition to disband was so great that Santa Anna was compelled to return to Agua Nueva, from which we are led to suppose, as before stated, that General Taylor never intended to make a decided stand at this point, but manifested such a disposition only to draw the enemy into a fight, and thereby greatly weaken his forces, as well as retard his designs. He states a little circumstance, which not being mentioned in the despatch of Santa Anna, must be received as a flight of imagination on the part of the writer, viz.—that two officers belonging to the army of General Taylor had been received under cover of a flag of truce; that their eyes were bandaged, and they led before the mighty and august general, who took particular pains to strike them with terror by a display of the splendour of his overwhelming force, besides informing them that he would listen to no terms of capitulation other than a discretionary surrender. This looks queer in the face of Santa Anna's own declaration of his intention to fall back upon Agua Nueva, and an admission that his army has been cut up. It is stated in the same letter that, in many instances contests were observed over the bodies of the dead American soldiers for the pieces of meat found in his haversack, and for the water in their canteens.

From Tampico and Vera-Cruz.—News from Tampico has been received at New Orleans to the 11th of March. The Tennessee cavalry embarked on the 9th, for Vera Cruz. They have been dismounted and go as infantry. The total force left at Tampico amounts to about 1200 men, the Louisiana regiment having charge of the upper line, the Baltimore battalion of the lower, and three companies U. S. Artillery being stationed in town.

[From the *N. O. Mercury*, March 23.]

The local news from Tampico is of no importance.—All the troops destined for the attack of Vera Cruz, had embarked at Lobos, and were to be landed at a point about twelve or fifteen miles north of Vera Cruz. Gen. Scott intended, if all things were ready, to commence the attack on the 22d, and had with him, in all, fifteen or sixteen thousand men, a large portion of which are the choice troops of the army.

There are various opinions as to whether Vera Cruz or even the castle will be defended. Some accounts have it that there are not two days provisions in either, while others represent that the castle has six months provisions.

At Tuxpan, some distance south of Tampico, there was a body of fifteen hundred, of all arms, of the enemy, and there were some apprehensions at Tampico that the place might be attacked during the attack upon Vera Cruz. The enemy, besides these fifteen hundred regulars, could raise in the surrounding country three or four thousand rancheros. Should the Mexicans, however, contemplate attacking the place, they will be well received, as there is a garrison of 1500 men, consisting of the Louisiana volunteers, the Baltimore battalion, and one company of infantry of the regular service, and the place is well fortified.

EIGHT DAYS LATER FROM SALTILLO.

Private letters had been received from Saltillo, as late as the 5th March, at which time General Taylor was at Buena Vista. The following letter was received at Matamoras by a Mexican merchant of that place, from a Mexican of Saltillo. It was dated on the 6th of March, and gives the only account of the manner in which the battle was fought, that has yet been received.

At 3 o'clock, on the 22d ult., the battle commenced at Buena Vista, five miles from Saltillo. The fight commenced with artillery, and a destructive cannonade was kept open until sunset. No decided advantage was obtained on either side—the loss on both being very great.

"On the 23d, at ten o'clock, the battle was again renewed and kept up without intermission until half-past three in the afternoon. Both armies were already engaged during the whole time. General Wool advanced with a strong detachment against the Mexican army, but was driven back with immense loss. The Mexican cavalry charged upon him with drawn swords and did great execution. As Wool fell back Gen. Taylor advanced with

fresh troops, and repelled the Mexicans with great slaughter! This decided the battle, which was not again renewed.

The number of killed and wounded was very great on both sides. I can only estimate the number by the cart loads of wounded that have entered the city from both battle fields.

"On the 24th both armies hung off, without coming to a general engagement, each occupied in carrying off the wounded and burying their dead.

"After the 24th there was no more fighting—the Mexican troops famishing with hunger, became convinced that they could not triumph, or drive General Taylor from his position, and retired.

"As yet, Santa Anna has only retired a short distance, but I do not entertain the belief that he'll venture another engagement.

"Mexico has not the means to bear the burdens of the war—it is opposing poverty to abundance—weakness to strength. In my opinion, it would be best for the two governments to enter into negotiations. With the power the United States possesses, it would be dishonorable in her to force us into treaties advantageous alone to herself, as it would be for us to make concessions from necessity."

Operations under the Influence of Ether.—Three very successful operations were performed at St. George's Hospital on Thursday week, one by Mr. Cesar Hawkins, who removed a long piece of dead bone from the interior of the new bone formed around it, in the leg of a boy. The little patient inhaled for about three minutes, and awoke as out of a sleep, just as the operation was concluded, having passed through it without the slightest sign of suffering. This operation is always extremely painful, and in the present case would have been more than usually so, in consequence of the inflamed and tender bone.

Afterwards, Mr. Cutter amputated a thigh (the ether being previously administered), with the same success.

The third patient was a negro, from whose shoulder a large tumor was removed by Mr. Tatum. Having inhaled the ether, he felt nothing of the operation, and on recovering his consciousness, was with difficulty convinced that he had lost his load. His surprise and pleasure on seeing the tumor were very ludicrous. The painful operation of removing a cancerous breast was performed at the Cheltenham Hospital, when the ether was tried (for the first time in that town). A few minutes after the operation was completed, the poor woman recovered her consciousness, and, being asked if she had felt any pain, said, "None, whatever; you have not done the operation, you are only deceiving me;" nor would she believe to the contrary till the removed breast was shown her, and then doubted that it had been cut with a knife. Mr. Lansdown, of the British Hospital, also reports a list of successful instances, and remarks in conclusion, that he has now administered the ether thirty times, and in no instance has seen any thing like a tendency to apoplexy, neither have I seen any injurious effects resulting from it." A man was admitted on Tuesday into the Royal Free Hospital, and on the arrival of Mr. T. Wakeley, jun., one of the surgeons, it was found necessary to perform an operation, to which the man at once consented, expressing a wish that it might be "done with ether." He was then removed to the operating theatre, and Ferguson's apparatus being charged, the patient commenced inhaling, which he did most vigorously for half an hour, without any effects being observed. Mr. Wakeley, jun., thinking the case a failure as regarded the ether, was anxious to commence the operation, but the man persisted in inhaling, and in thirteen minutes from that time he became quite insensible, and remained so for four minutes, during which time Mr. Wakeley performed a very serious operation without the man betraying the slightest consciousness. Thus he inhaled for nearly three quarters of an hour, inspiring the vapor of three ounces of pure sulphuric ether. The man, however, explained the extraordinary fact by admitting that he was a "wager dram drinker." The patient is doing well, and has experienced no inconvenience from the large dose. Several medical gentlemen were present, and declared the case unprecedented.

Successful use of Sulphuric Ether—Painless Surgical Operations.—The success of the sulphuric ether, in suspending consciousness and preventing pain during the performance of surgical operations, is so well established as to render the narration of ordinary cases equally uninteresting and unnecessary. But so striking an instance of the happy results of this great discovery was witnessed on Thursday, at St. George's Hospital, that we lay it before our readers to encourage members of the medical profession in its application under the most unfavorable circumstances. The subject of the etherisation was a patient of Mr. Henry James Johnson, a female child, afflicted with disease of the bones of the leg, white swelling, and extensive abscesses in the thigh. When brought into the operating theatre, she presented a most pitiable spectacle, being attenuated to the last degree, covered with bed sores, and having the diseased limb so drawn up and distorted that it was impossible to move it without at the same time turning the whole body. The child shrieked at the slightest touch, and when an attempt to apply the tourniquet had been abandoned, it seemed next to impracticable to perform amputation while the poor little creature retained her sensibility. Under the benign agency of the sulphuric ether every difficulty vanished. A state of complete unconsciousness was obtained, and very readily kept up. In this state the limb was got into such a position as to admit the knife, and Mr. Henry James Johnson amputated the thigh in the almost incredibly short period of twenty-six seconds. Not a murmur was heard from the patient—not a movement observed, until the whole of the dressings had been completed, and she was taken out of the theatre. From the tenor of some remarks made by Mr. Johnson to the spectators (among whom we noticed Lords Morpeth and Clanricarde, Jerome Bonaparte, Sir Benjamin Brodie, Dr. Paris, and other distinguished gentlemen), we gathered that such had been the sufferings and consequent irritability of the patient, that at a full consultation of the medical staff of the hospital, it was found impossible to make even an examination of the limb. What must be thought of the effects of a process which permitted its amputation during a tranquil slumber.

A Milk Man's Confession.—A German had made a fortune in Philadelphia, by selling milk. He started home with two bags of sovereigns. On shipboard, he counted one bag of treasure. A mischievous monkey was watching his operations. As soon as it was replaced and tied up, and the other bag emptied, Jacko snatched up the full one, and was soon at the mast-head. He opened the German's bag and after eyeing the pretty gold, he proceeded to drop one piece upon the deck, and another in the water, until he had emptied the bag. When he had finished, the Dutchman threw up his hands, exclaiming,

"He must be the Tuyvill, for what came from the water he does give to the water, and what came from the milk, he gives to me."

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

From the Edinburgh Review. [Concluded]

The changing fortunes of the great English parties had always an immediate and marked influence upon the colonists in America; and a curious instance of this is afforded by the uses to which the company of adventurers in London, and their meetings, were turned by the patriotic party. The discussions which took place respecting the government of their settlements, became a means of calling in question the prerogative to which King James laid claim. Under the guise of providing for the well-being of their colonists they assaulted the powers of the monarch in England, and sought to establish the most liberal doctrines for the government of their own country, upon the ruins of the dominion which he endeavoured to maintain in America.

The legislative authority reserved by the king was openly avowed to be illegal; and the right of the colonists to be deemed English subjects was asserted to be inherent in them—of which, in fact, they could not be deprived by act of prerogative—and for the full enjoyment of which they were in no measure in debt to the royal liberality, but solely to the law alone. The progress of the Reformation also singularly advanced the cause of the colonists. All the old foundations of the law were called in question by those who claimed a liberty of conscience; and lax notions on the subject of allegiance became extensively prevalent. To those who deemed religion, and religious belief, the one absorbing and paramount business of life, the doctrines of the law on this head appeared entirely a subservient and secondary consideration. They assumed that the doctrine which declared allegiance to be indelible was false as well as mischievous. The rights of conscience they considered to overrule the prerogative of the crown. If those rights were invaded, they believed they could solemnly withdraw from subjection to that power which was guilty of the invasion, and from community with that people which permitted the encroachment. This, in a few words, was the received doctrine among the godly of New England—that which was, in fact, never forgotten—though not always, from characteristic caution, openly avowed. During the protectorate, the New England colonies were favored brethren, who were allowed to make for themselves what laws, and pursue what conduct, best pleased them. They, deeming their dominion the reign of the saints on the earth, assumed infallibility; and, with a fiery zeal, sought to extirpate error by the sword and by the faggot. They revelled in the thought of their own irresponsibility; gravely declared themselves an independent people; and prepared to resist, by every means in their power, the enforcement of the law which declared them subject to the parliament of England.—(Vol. i., p. 440.) This is admitted by Mr. Bancroft, though not with the frankness which such a subject demanded. He says, "The history of Massachusetts is the counterpart to that of Virginia; the latter obtained its greatest liberty by the abrogation of the charter of its company; the former by a transfer of its charter, and a daring construction of its powers by the successors of the original patentees."—(Vol. i., p. 345.)

What is meant by this transfer and daring construction, appears in the subsequent story of the company. "On the suggestions of the generous Matthew Cradock, the governor of the company, it was proposed that the charter should be transferred to those of the freemen who should themselves inhabit the colony, and the question immediately became the most important that could be debated.

An agreement was at once formed at Cambridge in England, between men of fortune and education, that they would themselves embark for America, if, before the last of September, the whole government should be legally transferred to them and the other freemen of the company who should inhabit the plantation. * * * Two days after the contract had been executed, the subject was again brought before the court. A serious debate ensued the next day, when it was fully, and with general consent, declared, that the government and the patent should be transferred beyond the Atlantic, and settled in New England.

"The vote was simply a decision of the question—where the future meetings of the company should be held? and yet it effectually changed a commercial corporation into an independent provincial government."—Vol. i., p. 252—3.

In other words, a power now granted was illegally usurped: and the bold spirit which dictated the proceeding, continued ever after to be manifest in the conduct of Massachusetts. The first band of settlers who went out under the charter, seized upon two ministers of the name of Browne, who professed Episcopal doctrines; they were treated as if they had been criminals, and were ignominiously sent back to England. Mr. Bancroft makes hereupon this somewhat extraordinary remark—"They (the Browns) were banished from Salem because they were churchmen. Thus was the Episcopacy first professed in Massachusetts, and thus was it exiled. The blessings of the promised land were to be kept for Puritan dissenters." It is difficult to ascertain whether Mr. Bancroft here indulges in a bitter sneer at his brethren, or whether he adopts their language, and seriously believes it an exculpation. The intolerance of the Puritans is evidently a stumbling-block in his way. His reason and better nature revolt against the atrocities he describes; prejudices of his people interfere with his judgment, and induce him to frame an unsatisfactory apology for a tyranny which when exercised against his favorites, he visits with an honest and vehement indignation.

The puritan who, in Europe, had suffered under persecution, did not blame his oppressors because they were persecutors. What he complained of was that they, in his person persecuted the truth. He, in his turn, was ready with the rods the magistrate to punish dissent—because such dissent was error. The true principles of religious toleration were utterly repudiated by him. "God forbid," said Dudley, one of their most esteemed leaders, "our love for the truth should be grown so cold that we should tolerate errors." Cotton, a shining light among his brethren, exclaimed, better tolerate hypocrites and tares, than thorns and briers." "Polypietry," cried out another of these reverend men, "is the greatest impiety in the world. To say that men ought to have liberty of conscience, is impious ignorance." "Religion," said another, "has no eccentric motions." This was the open, honest avowal of the doctrines on which they were prepared to act—and in accordance with which they did act. They declared Massachusetts to be "a perfect republic." Open dissent was banished from the province, and visited with the punishment of death if the dissenter ventured to return: and men and women were, under this atrocious law, banished, whipt, and executed! Mr. Bancroft condescends, not indeed directly to defend, but to extenuate the enactment. He declares that the act admits of no defence; and then, with an astonishing inconsistency, proceeds by a sophistical argument to justify the deed on the plea of necessity, and to extenuate its horrors, by showing that the powers of Europe have been equally guilty.

Thus the impartiality of the historian is lost in the zeal of the advocate. In

truth, Mr. Bancroft's zeal has in this case most signally outran his discretion and judgment. By attempting to prove that the institutions of America, from the first, were faultless, and her people impeccable, distrust is inevitably raised in the mind of every judicious reader; and the important benefit is lost, which might have been derived from a philosophic explanation of the manner in which the character and institutions of a remarkable people were gradually developed and moulded into that form which they have at length attained. The remarkable phenomenon in the matter before us, is the present toleration of difference in religious belief, manifested both by the laws and the manners of Americans; as compared with that iron bigotry with which they started in their career.

The duty of a mere chronicler is merely truly to narrate the facts which constitute his history: that of the philosophic historian—and to that character Mr. Bancroft aspires—is to search for, and to explain the hidden causes of the remarkable change which took place. To deny the first step in the narration, to repel the statement of intolerance as a "calumny," and to assert that the people of New England were from the first as forbearing in the case of religious belief, as by the law of the United States* we may presume them to be at present, may find favor with the zealots of his own country, but will assuredly, before the tribunal of the world at large, throw discredit upon his labors, and distrust upon his evidence.

The declaration of the leaders of the Massachusetts colony, as to the nature of their allegiance, is a signal event in the history of the colonies. In it we can perceive the germ of that independence, which they in after years successfully demanded. The people of the majority of the colonies never thought of, never desired to be an independent people. They were driven by an invincible necessity to fight for independence, in the end; and they reluctantly yielded obedience to its hard decree. But the proud Puritan, when he shook the dust from his feet, and bade adieu to his native land, determined at the same time to shake off his allegiance also. The feelings of nature might for an instant sway his stern spirit—and as he saw the shores of his birth-place sink into the sea, in the agony and tenderness of the moment he might exclaim. *Farewell England!* But as he turned him to the West, and looked towards the future; the past, with all its regrets, its ties, and its gentle recollections, was swept from his heart. He was excited by the hope of building up a perfect church—a fiery zeal for the maintenance and extension of his own opinions, which he arrogantly deemed the only soul-saving truth, occupied his whole mind and supplied the place of home and friends and family. "I shall call that my country," wrote John Winthrop, one of the founders of Massachusetts, to his father, "where I may most glorify God, and enjoy the presence of my dearest friends." And when, having arrived in America, sickness and death and misery were all around him, he wrote to his wife, whom, on account of her pregnancy, he had left in England—"We here enjoy God and Jesus Christ, and is not this enough? I thank God, I like so well to be here, as I do not repent my coming. I would not have altered my course, though I had foreseen all these afflictions. I never had more content of mind." The stern fanaticism which dictated this language, was not likely to be checked in its course by the comparatively feeble ties of national allegiance.

It was soon proposed "to form a peculiar government," and in their current jargon, to colonize the "Best"—meaning those who agreed with them. These proceedings, however, attracted the attention of the government, and brought down upon the colonists Laud with a *Quo warranto?* A lucky death cut short the legal proceedings, and in the convulsions which immediately followed in England, the colony was for a time forgotten. When the Parliament had conquered the king, it sought to extend its power to the colonies, and began to question the validity of the Massachusetts charter. The colonists determined to resist the Parliament, as the Parliament had resisted the king. Their general court met in November 1648, to deliberate upon what they were pleased to call, the usurpations of Parliament; and having expelled one deputy because he was faithless, that is, of opinion opposite to their own, they deliberated with closed doors, "on the nature of the relation with England"—and then agreed, "that Massachusetts owed to England the same allegiance as the free Hanse Towns had rendered to the empire, as Normandy, when its dukes were kings of England had paid to the monarchs of France." And they resolved to accept no new charter from the Parliament, because that would imply a surrender of the old. The court next addressed Parliament to the same effect; and Edward Winslow, the agent for Massachusetts in England, publicly denied that the jurisdiction of Parliament extended to America. "If the Parliament of England should impose laws upon us," he said, "having no burgesses in the House of Commons, nor capable of a summons, by reason of the vast distance, we should lose the liberties and freedom of English indeed." The Parliament evaded the difficulty, by an ambiguous answer—which, if circumstances had allowed, would most probably have been interpreted, so as to let in their supreme dominion. Mr. Bancroft says the Parliament magnanimously (we should say cunningly) replied—"We encourage no appeals from your justice. We leave you all the freedom and latitude that may in any respect be duly claimed by you."—(Vol. i., p. 443.)

After the Restoration the question of English supremacy was again mooted, the struggles of the colony with Charles II. and his brother James, plainly prove Massachusetts to have been, in fact, the birth place of American independence. In 1671, Charles said to the privy council, there is fear of their breaking from all dependence on this nation, and it was afterwards by the council declared, "that they (the people of Massachusetts) were a people almost upon the brink of renouncing any dependence upon the crown." Mr. Bancroft assumes "that the privy council was overawed by the moral dignity which they could not comprehend."—(Vol. ii., p. 89.) The truth is, that Charles was rapacious and indolent—he hated all trouble, but particularly did he detest that labor which brought no money. From Massachusetts he could hope for no spoil. And he consequently gave it the great benefit of his neglect. James, however, was of a different character—the moral dignity, of which the historian somewhat grandiloquently speaks was no obstacle in his path. His advice and influence were predominant in the latter years of his brother Charles; and the courage that dared, by the *quo warranto*, to avoid the charter of the corporation of London, was not likely to quail before that of Massachusetts Bay.

The colony had openly resisted the enforcing of the act of navigation: acting throughout, as they did consistently, in accordance with their before declared

* Judging by some late proceedings towards Catholics in New England, we fear the spirit of intolerance is not wholly departed from the minds of the people. It is to be hoped, however, that this was but a transient emotion of holy zeal, and that the thorough feeling of tolerance evinced by all the leading minds of America, will keep down and extinguish every contrary tendency.

Transatlantic Puritans found favor in the eyes of Cromwell—who, when he had conquered Ireland, offered the New England people estates, and a settlement in that island. The offer was, declined by them, because they thought "their own government the happiest and wisest this day in the world."—(Vol. i., p. 444.)

interpretation of the law of allegiance. In England, however, at no time was this interpretation admitted by the lawyers; and now, when the king appealed to the judges and courts of Westminster, judgment was at once given in favor of the crown; and in the year 1684, the charter of Massachusetts which had been granted by Charles I. was declared void.

A result followed upon this judgment, which cannot be accounted for by any principles of law, but which can be explained by a consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the case of Massachusetts. The general attack made upon the several corporations in England and in the colonies, was an exceedingly unpopular act, because it was considered a violent, not to say illegal stretch of the prerogative; and when the revolution of 1688 followed, a general resumption of their charters was permitted with the almost single exception of Massachusetts.*

The lawyers indeed endeavoured to account for this exception, by saying that in the case of Massachusetts judgement had been given, whereas in the other cases the resignation of the charters had been voluntary. This statement, however, is not in accordance with the fact. In the case of the city of London, judgment was given after solemn argument; whereas in that of Massachusetts it followed as of course, because of the non-appearance of the defendants. London, nevertheless, resumed her charter, but the revolution government refused the same favor to Massachusetts. "Somers and King William were less liberal to Massachusetts than Clarendon and Charles II."† The question naturally arises, why was this? The answer is to be found in the pretensions of Massachusetts. London did not claim to be independent of Parliament; neither did Virginia or the other colonies; but Massachusetts, openly and in set argument, laid claim to a separate national existence. She had successfully maintained this position before the Long Parliament, and had for years asserted it in the early times of the restoration. But the revolution of 1688 was a revolution in favor of the Parliament against the crown. It established parliamentary supremacy; and the time had not yet arrived when a power in America could resist the authority of Parliament. Massachusetts, therefore, succumbed; but hers was a forced obedience. The old doctrines of her political creed were in secret cherished by her people, taught and supported by her ministers, and influenced every act of her government.

During these various struggles respecting their political institutions, the colonists increased rapidly in numbers—and became rich as well as numerous. Some years before our revolution, they had not only succeeded in thus firmly establishing their own colony, but had made the first and most important step towards that Federal union, by which in fact they have become an independent people. The colonies of New England entered into confederacy and styled themselves the united colonies of New England. This event is thus described by Mr. Bancroft—

"Immediately after the victories over the Pequods, (1637,) at a time when the earliest synod had gathered in Boston the leading magistrates and elders of Connecticut, the design of a confederacy was proposed. Many of the American statesmen, familiar with the character of the government of Holland, possessed sufficient experience and knowledge to frame the necessary plan; but time was wanting; the agents of Plymouth could not be seasonably summoned, and the subject was deferred. The next year it came in discussion; but Connecticut, offended because some preeminence was yielded to Massachusetts, insisted on reserving to each state a negative on the proceedings of the confederacy. This reservation was refused; for in that case, said Massachusetts, 'all would have come to nothing.'

"The vicinity of the Dutch, a powerful neighbor, whose claims Connecticut could not single-handed defeat, led the colonists of the west to renew the negotiation; and with such success, that, within a few years, The United Colonies of New England were 'made all as one.' Protection against the encroachments of the Dutch and the French, security against the tribes of savages, the liberties of the gospel in purity and peace, those were the motives of the confederacy. * * *

"The union embraced the separate governments of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven, but to each its respective local jurisdiction was carefully reserved. The question of state rights is nearly two hundred years old. The affairs of the confederacy were intrusted to commissioners, consisting of two from each colony. Church membership was the only qualification required for office. The commissioners, who were to assemble annually, or often if exigencies demanded, might deliberate on all things which are the proper concomitants or consequences of a confederation. The affairs of peace and war, and especially Indian affairs exclusively belonged to them; they were authorized to make internal improvements at the common charge; they, too, were the guardians to see equal and speedy justice assured to all the confederates in every jurisdiction. The common expenses were to be assessed according to population."—(Vol. i., pp. 420 21).

This plan was executed so early as the year 1643, just twenty-three years after the first pilgrims set foot in New England; a very little more than fourteen years after the date of the charter granted by Charles I. to the company of Massachusetts Bay. The highest sovereign rights are by this confederation assumed as their own and communion refused with everyone not of their creed. The ambitious and the exclusive spirit of the Puritan was manifest in every provision of the Union.

One other passion was also manifested by these colonists that may be deemed eminently English. Their hatred of the French on their continent, could only be equalled by their desire to possess themselves of the extensive territories which France has acquired, and by which, indeed, they were eventually completely surrounded. The danger which threatened the colonists was great and imminent: and the spirit with which they met it evinced alike their courage and their wisdom.

In the year 1690, while the government of Massachusetts was entirely in the hands of the people, who, on the news of the revolution of 1688, expelled the governors of James, and before Parliament had asserted its authority, a Congress—the first American Congress—was called in New York, on the invitation of Massachusetts; and this Congress determined to make war on the French possessions, and attempt the conquest of Acadia and Canada. We need no other evidence to prove, that the desire for an independent existence was no new conception, first produced in the year 1776. "The conquest of New France was the burning passion of New England, in harmony with its hatred of legitimacy and the old forms of Christianity. To subdue the French dominions—this was the joint object which was to foster a common feeling between England and the American colonies."—(Vol. iii., p. 78.)

* Bermuda did not resume its former charter.
† Clarendon and Charles II. always evinced a remarkable liberality, in every institution framed under their auspices, for the colonies. The most striking instance of this was afforded by the charter of Rhode Island, which remained for years after the American Revolution the written political code of the state. Of late years, it has been modified, and made somewhat less democratic than was the original royal charter.

The history of French adventure over the continent of America, forms a large and interesting portion of Mr. Bancroft's labors. The vast territories which France had acquired, together with her systematic schemes of aggrandizement, seemed at one time about to render her paramount in the northern continent. A chain of forts extended from the St. Lawrence to the mouths of the Mississippi—a strong religious fervor had led her sons as missionaries over all the immense regions to which she laid claim—and her language and religion appeared destined to be common to the whole population of North America. The destruction of all these fond hopes, as well as of the mode in which they had been originally created, is an important chapter in the history of the English North American colonies. It is probable that if England had permitted France to have retained possession of Canada, she would herself have remained mistress of the colonies she had planted. The near neighborhood of a powerful enemy kept the colonists dependent upon England. Without the aid of the mother country, they could not hope to resist the aggressions of France; and they eagerly joined in every attempt of England to conquer the French possessions, because they deemed that conquest a necessary preliminary to their own independence. The English, on the other hand, little thought, when exulting in consequence of their acquisition of Canada, that they had just removed one, and, but for themselves, an insuperable obstacle to the loss of their own colonies.

For the historian of America, there is one other subject of inquiry and consideration which all must approach with sorrow. Need we say we allude to the institution of slavery in that country?

On this subject, as on that of Puritan intolerance, Mr. Bancroft's zeal to maintain the fame of his country, has led him into a course of inquiry and remark wholly beside the question: and in some degree has induced him, while defending his own people, to be unjust to other men. He commences his chapter on slavery by an admission of its evils and injustice; and then declares that the unjust, wasteful and unhappy system was fastened upon the rising institutions of America, not by the consent of the corporation nor the desires of the emigrants; but as it was introduced by the mercantile avarice of a foreign nation, so it was subsequently riveted by the policy of England, without regard to the interests or the wishes of the colony."—(Vol. i., p. 159.)

If Mr. Bancroft will scan carefully this assertion, he will see that it is contradicted not only by the subsequent story, but by itself. The system was fastened on the rising institutions of America by the avarice of a foreign nation, and this in opposition to the desires of the emigrants. But surely there were in Virginia buyers, as well as sellers of slaves. Who were the buyers? The emigrants. And this is in terms admitted by Mr. Bancroft himself.

"For many years," he says, "the Dutch were principally concerned in the slave trade in the market of Virginia; the immediate demand for laborers may in part, have blinded the eyes of the planters to the ultimate evils of slavery, though the laws of the colony at a very early period discouraged its increase by a special tax upon female slaves."—(Vol. i., p. 177.)

And again he says, "Towards the negro the laws [of Virginia] were less tolerant. The statute which declares who are slaves followed the old idea long prevalent through Christendom—all servants not being Christians, imported into this country by shipping shall be slaves. [A.D. 1670.] Yet it was added, conversion to the Christian faith doth not make free. [1682.] The early Anglo-Saxon rule, interpreting every doubtful question in favor of liberty, declared the children of freemen to be free. Virginia was humane towards me of the white race; was severe towards the negro. Doubts arose if the offspring of an Englishman by a negro woman should be bond or free: and the rule of the Roman law prevailed over the Anglo-Saxon. The offspring followed the condition of its mother. Enfranchisement of the population was not encouraged; the female slave was not liable to taxation; the emancipated negroes was titheable. The death of a slave from extremity of correction was not accounted felony; since it cannot be presumed—such is the language of the statute—that prepenses malice, which alone makes murder felony, should induce any man to destroy his own estate. The legislature did not understand human passion no such opinion now prevails. Finally, it was made lawful for persons pursuing fugitive colored slaves to wound or even kill them. The master was absolute lord over his negro. The slave and the slave's posterity were bondsmen; though afterwards, when the question was raised, the devise of negro children in posse, the future increase of a bondwoman was void."

As property in Virginia consisted almost exclusively of land and laborers, the increase of negro slaves was grateful to the pride and to the interests of the large landed proprietors. After a long series of years the institution of slavery renewed a landed aristocracy, closely resembling the feudal nobility; the culminating point was the period when slaves were declared to be real estate, and might be constituted by the owner adscript to the soil." [A.D. 1705—1727.]—(Vol. ii., p. 194.)

These laws were all passed by the people of Virginia, and some of them by legislatures chosen by universal suffrage. How, then, can it be asserted that slavery was instituted, and maintained, in opposition to the wishes of emigrants?

the general fairness—the labor and conscientious research it evinces—deserve, and we are assured will receive, his warmest approbation. There are some peculiarities, however, of style—some modes of expression—some habits of thought which are novel; and may perhaps, not prove entirely grateful to English taste. But Mr. Bancroft's is an American not an English production, and must be judged by a reference to American feelings. We treat a German or a French work after this fashion—and this one although written in our language is not subject to our conventional criticism. On one account we are sincerely glad that we are called upon to make this remark. The great incubus on American literature is imitation. Everything has to be fashioned on an English model; and nothing is deemed worthy even by Americans, which has not received the sanction of English fashion.

We desire however, to see our transatlantic offspring approve themselves a people, in the real and great sense of that term, by making for themselves a national literature. Let them bring their quota to the world's wealth of wisdom; and considering who and what they are, that quota—the debt which they owe to this common stock—ought to be ample, and worthy of their material greatness. Let them to the exploring of the vast and yet untraversed region of thought bring the same adventurous and daring spirit, which distinguished their ancestors who had led the way into the wilderness—and the grateful world will hail them as worthy descendants of their great progenitors.

The present high position of Mr. Bancroft bestowed as it has been in consequence of his historic labors, is not only an honor to himself but to his country, by whom it was conferred. And this, it should be remembered, is no solitary occurrence. The government of the United States has been willing to acknowledge and reward the literary merit of citizens of every party—thus holding out a great and due incitement to men of superior ability to take an active part in the

political proceedings of her native land. We cannot indeed subscribe to that philosophy which would have us believe that the United States is destined to be left by her more gifted sons to the guidance and control of inferior and more turbulent spirits. In the case before us, we sincerely hope that the occasion of more widely extending his knowledge of mankind, may lead to the dissipation of any prejudice which yet lingers in the mind of the historian; and that his European experience may enable him, in the volumes which are yet to appear to describe with increased efficiency for the world's instruction the many worthy examples of ability and virtue which his country's annals afford.*

Imperial Parliament.

ROMAN CATHOLIC DISABILITIES.

House of Commons, Feb. 24.

Mr. WATSON moved the second reading of the Roman Catholic Relief Bill, the object of which was to repeal the act of Elizabeth which imposed the several penalties of imprisonment, *premunire*, and death, for the offence of disputing the supremacy of the Sovereign; and the acts which prohibited the introduction of bulls, which enjoined uniformity in religious worship, and which prohibited religious ceremonies. He called on the House not to rest satisfied with the argument that these acts were practically obsolete, but to insist upon expunging them from the statute-book.

Sir R. H. INGLIS moved, as an amendment, that the bill be read a second time that day six months. If this bill were passed the few securities given to the Protestant Church in this country by the act of 1829 would be taken away; nay, more, it would make the Roman Catholics a peculiarly favoured and protected body. The restraints which Mr. Watson chiefly sought to remove were the prohibition of processions and the restrictions on the settlement of Jesuits in this country; and Sir R. Inglis could not consent to an alteration of the present law, however little put into operation:—

“One part of the bill went to legalize processions. He considered this a principle, and he objected to it on principle. He said that if, in Ireland, ecclesiastics and members of the Established Church were prohibited from walking in procession, you ought not to give to the members of a hostile church a privilege which was denied to those of the Established Church. Mr. Watson must know that in these processions the Host would be carried, and he would ask the hon. and learned gentleman whether he was prepared for such scenes as would certainly arise if such processions were permitted? England was almost the only country in which the Jesuits would be admitted without being under the control of the state; if there was any exception it was that country which no man in England would admit was a proper example for us to follow: he meant Belgium. In France, where there were what the hon. and learned gentleman would call liberal institutions, no Jesuit would be so admitted, and, if a proposition were made for removing this restriction, would not the most liberal, or the least liberal, member of the Chamber of Deputies speak against the abolition of such a provision? The hon. and learned member had referred to an act, the 9th and 10th of Victoria, which he (Sir R. Inglis) regretted had passed, to repeal the laws against the introduction of bulls and rescripts, and other articles of the Church of Rome. He regretted that those laws had been repealed; he happened to be absent from Parliament at that time, and he was not cognizant of the fact that such an act had passed until he read it in his inquiries respecting the present bill. He expressed his unfeigned regret that those by whom that act had been introduced should have felt themselves at liberty to propose the repeal of the penalties for the introduction of bulls and rescripts from Rome. There was but one country in Europe in which the Pope could issue his bulls without the previous sanction of the executive Government; whether the Government was despotic or of a liberal form, the previous sanction of the Executive was necessary before a bull from Rome could be introduced in a foreign country. The hon. and learned member was a party to a measure by which this security was proposed to be withdrawn. He objected to the withdrawal of a security which other countries derived from the prior sanction of their own Government to the introduction of Papal bulls. There were other securities which he recollects the hon. member for Winchester (Mr. B. Escott) had last year called ‘the securities of the dark ages.’ Those securities the present bill proposed to remove. He remembered telling the hon. member that when the act of 1829 was introduced it was expressly stated that the remaining securities were retained for the protection of the Protestant religion. Whether Parliament would, after so brief an interval, repeal all those securities, the result of the division that day would show. He called upon the House to conform its decision of last year, and continue those securities to the Protestant Church and the established religion of this country which were left in 1829, tendered as they were by the advocates of that measure as securities, and so accepted by its opponents. With these feelings, he should move that the bill be read a second time that day six months.

Mr. B. ESCOTT maintained that the penalties Mr. Watson sought to repeal were both useless and injurious; and he hoped that was the last time an appeal would be necessary to be made to an English House of Commons to remove from the statute-book enactments which ought not to disgrace the law of England.—Mr. SHAW said the leading characteristic of the bill was, that it unsettled, after a very short interval, the settlement that had been made in 1829; and he did not think there was anything in the spirit of the present times that would reconcile those who were attached to the Protestant institutions of this country to the idea that the provisions which were proposed by those who brought in the bill of 1829, and accepted by many who had been opposed to the measure, as securities for the Protestant establishment in this country, should be abandoned. Upon that ground, and that alone, he objected to the bill.

Mr. MACAULAY said he would vote for the second reading of the bill, although he did not mean to support all its clauses. As regarded the repeal of the Act of Supremacy, he was aware that the old penalties had been repealed; but still a person was liable to be prosecuted for a misdemeanour at common law who held or defended the doctrine that any foreign prince or prelate had power in England; and he thought it absurd to maintain a law which was notoriously infringed by every Roman Catholic in the kingdom:—

“Does not every Roman Catholic in this country believe and hold that some spiritual jurisdiction resides in the Bishop of Rome? I know that there have been great contests on that matter; I know there were great contests upon it at the Council of Trent; I know that some Jesuits have attributed to the Bishop of Rome a much greater degree of spiritual jurisdiction than the Gallican Church gives him; I know that some writers have placed his spiritual authority far above that of general councils; that some have made him co-ordinator with general councils, and some subordinate to general councils; but take

* The volumes requisite to complete the ‘History of the United States’ are, we understand, preparing for the press.

the whole range of Roman Catholic teachers and writers down to Bossuet, and you will find not one Roman Catholic writer but holds that some spiritual jurisdiction does reside in the Bishop of Rome. There is no Roman Catholic in this country, then, but must consider himself to be in communion, of some sort or other, with the Bishop of Rome. Therefore I say, that there is no Roman Catholic in this country who, under the law as it stands, is not liable to fine and imprisonment. Now, I wish to know whether there is any gentleman in this House who thinks that it is right or just that every Roman Catholic who teaches his sons the doctrines of the Roman Catholic faith, and this amongst others, and that every Roman Catholic priest who teaches to his congregation this among other of the fundamental doctrines of his creed, should be liable to fine and imprisonment for doing so?” Suppose Dr. Wiseman was to preach a sermon on the text, ‘Thou art Peter,’ treating it in the sense in which it is understood by the whole Roman Catholic Church, is it seriously meant that the Attorney General should be obliged to prosecute Dr. Wiseman for teaching and enforcing this doctrine? And if Dr. Wiseman was sent to Newgate for preaching that sermon, is there one man in this House who could say that it would be justifiable? I venture to say there is not—(Hear, hear). Here, then, you have an enactment which this bill proposes to repeal, and of which, I will venture to say, you cannot put an hypothetical case in which you can possibly enforce it—(Hear, hear).”

Mr. MACAULAY objected to legalize processions, as they would probably lead to violations of decency and disturbances of the public peace; and, as regarded members of religious communities being British subjects, he would give them free permission to reside in this country; but he thought they could make no complaint at being required to register their names:—

“I do not think it a just or reasonable thing that an English Roman Catholic subject, for being a member of an order—a Franciscan for instance—should be banished the country, and if he returns should be hanged. It is perfectly clear that such an enactment cannot be enforced. Everybody knows that there are regular clergy of the Church of Rome in this country, but still not a single human being dares or ever will dare to put the law against them in execution. But, sir, while I say that, I have no objection to that which many persons think of importance; I do not see why a system of registration should be objectionable; I cannot think that the religious orders of the Church of Rome could object to that. My objection is to enacting a punishment against a man for being a Franciscan; but it is not to punish a man for being a Franciscan, to oblige him to tell the country that he is one. Sir, with respect to the Jesuits, I am far from giving credit to all the idle scandal that may be wandering over England or France about them; but I say, that if a person who is a Jesuit is found mingling in society, and dissembling the fact that he is so, such a person would be a just object of suspicion to the heads of families with whom he associates that he is there for the purposes of conversion. Therefore, I think that it is desirable that there should be some system of registration, under which it shall be known who are and who are not members of religious orders in this country. That, I think, is perfectly compatible with religious liberty, and also necessary for the security of society.”

Mr. FINCH objected to allow in this country an *an imperium in imperio* which would render the government of England as difficult as the government of Ireland; and he reminded the House of the great difference in the character of the Protestant and Romish Churches:—

“He would give the right of toleration to every other church in existence except the Roman Catholic Church—(‘Hear,’ and laughter). He would except them, because they were opposed to the royal prerogative, and opposed to the independence of every other church in existence; and that was the reason why he would make that distinction—(Hear). The Roman Catholic Church held itself out not only as the mother but as the mistress of every other church, which no other church did, and therefore he would give a full measure of toleration to every other church, but not to the Roman Catholic Church. If the Roman Catholic Church thought this an intolerant proposition, he would beg to state to them that they ought to allow a little free trade in religion—a little reciprocity—(Hear). Let hon. gentlemen only look to what lately occurred in Madeira, and remember the details of the persecution of Dr. Kelley and his followers; there was no toleration there. Let them also look to Sardinia, Austria, Spain, ay, even to the length and breadth of Europe; whereover Popery had its sway they would find no toleration there—(Hear, hear). Now, contrast this with the liberty allowed to Roman Catholics in this country, where they had the length and breadth of the land before them, and when any hon. gentleman talked of his (Mr. Finch’s) feelings as intolerant, he would only beg to say that when the Roman Catholics obtained and permitted religious liberty in the Papal dominions, then let them talk of the want of religious liberty in this country—(Hear, hear).”

Mr. W. S. O’BRIEN thought the bill did not go far enough:—

“As the law now stood, the highest and most distinguished member of the bar of Ireland had been prevented by obtaining the highest honour of his profession because he was a Roman Catholic. Sir M. O’Lughlen, who ought to have been the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, had been deprived of this honour because he was a Roman Catholic. The same applied to the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the duties of which there was no earthly reason to show why they might not be as efficiently performed by a Roman Catholic as by a Protestant.”

Mr. SPOONER opposed the bill as another inroad on our Protestant constitution, as an insertion of the small end of the wedge which would be driven home with out scruple:—

“The hon. member for Limerick even now recommended that the Lord Chancellor should be a Catholic, and also the representative of royalty in Ireland. It would be but a little step further to say that they ought to take away all restrictions with reference to the monarch on the throne—(‘Hear,’ and cheers). He had been accused of impugning the Catholic religion, and he would tell them why he impugned it; it was because it was not only not the religion of the Bible, but it was contrary to the religion of the Bible. That was his opinion, and nothing should prevent him from expressing it. The Protestant principle was the true principle of the constitution: we had for years been deviating from that principle, and from the line of conduct which ought to regulate us. We were daily losing our Protestant character, and he believed in his conscience that this was one of the causes which had brought down on this afflicted nation the judgement of Almighty God—(Cries of ‘Oh, oh!’)”

Mr. J. O’CONNELL trusted the House would remove penalties admitted to be useless, and which were calculated to keep up irritation and jealousy. He was willing that processions should be prohibited, and that there should be a system of registration for the religious orders.—Mr. NEWDEGATE said there was nothing in the laws as they now stood that precluded any Roman Catholic from the open exercise of his religion, but they did preclude the maliciously and for evil purposes designedly setting up of a foreign potentate against the sove-

reign of this country, constituted as it was of a Protestant population. On that ground he distinctly refused to give his assent to a bill for the purpose of repealing those enactments.

Lord G. BENTINCK had always been the consistent advocate of the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, and he had therefore no difficulty in supporting Mr. Watson's bill. If the laws it was sought to repeal had become obsolete there was no use in retaining them, and if they were operative they ought to be repealed. But he was of opinion that practical grievances did exist:—

"So recently as 1837 a cause was tried before Lord Langdale, in which a rent-charge upon an estate at Stone Croft, Northumberland enjoyed by a Roman Catholic priest was decided to be contrary to the penal statutes, and was forfeited to the Crown—(Hear, hear). That was a practical grievance—(hear, hear)—and so great was it that he believed the late Government of the rich hon. baronet thought it their duty to recommend that a new grant should be made of that rent-charge. But were there no other practical grievances? Was it not practical grievance that Roman Catholics could not be buried in church-yards, or in the open air, and have performed over them the rites of Christian burial by clergymen of their own church, dressed in their own habits? Did they not recollect that, within two years, when the hon. and learned member for Cork filled the office of Lord Mayor of Dublin, this scandal was displayed to the world—that the hon. and learned member, as a Roman Catholic, being disabled from appearing in his robes of office in his own church, marched through the streets of Dublin in the robes of his office, and, at the doors of his church, in the face of thousands of Roman Catholics, was obliged to strip them off and cast them aside? Did they then think that that was in favour of civil peace, or likely to conciliate the Roman Catholics of this empire that such scenes should take place? Those were the practical grievances which ought to be remedied, and by this bill he believed would be so. Then, again, the order of St. Francis was spoken of. From that order, as he believed, the schoolmasters of Ireland were chiefly formed, and to it belonged Father Mathew, who, perhaps, had no compeer in Ireland for the good he had done in introducing principles of sobriety and morality amongst the people; and yet Father Mathew himself, under the law now in existence, was liable to be banished for the exercise of his proper calling, and, should he return from banishment, would be liable to transportation for life? Those, he thought, were practical grievances that ought to be remedied."

Sir R. PEEL considered it a most unwise course, and not in agreement with the spirit of the times, to continue the existence of statutes which inflicted penalties that were revolting to the Christian feelings even of those who did not agree with the Roman Catholics, and which were discreditable to the statute-book. He was ready to support that part of the bill which relieved Roman Catholics from penalties maintaining the spiritual supremacy of the Pope; but he dissented from the second part of the bill, for removing the restraints on processions, on the religious orders, and on the wearing of municipal robes or insignia in Roman Catholic places of worship. He would maintain these restrictions as a recognition of the moderate supremacy demanded by the Protestant Church in these realms. He would then vote for the second reading of the bill, with a view to its amendment in committee.

The House divided, and the numbers were—For the second reading, 102; against it, 99; majority in favour of the second reading 3.

The House then adjourned.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

House of Commons, Feb. 26.

On the order of the day for going into supply, Mr. JOHN O'CONNELL directed the attention of the House once more to the disastrous state of the poor of Ireland. To the ravages of famine were now added the horrors of pestilence, and, unless some immediate steps were taken, the unfortunate people would be carried off by thousands. It has been rumoured, but he trusted the horrible statement was untrue, that the Government intended passively to allow the population of Ireland to be starved down to the number which the soil of the country could in ordinary seasons, support. If they considered a poor law on a more extensive scale necessary, let them pass it, although the result would be to reduce the small farmers and shop keepers to the condition of paupers. He thought any person holding in Ireland ought to be compelled to go over and reside there for the next six months.

Mr. LABOUCHERE regretted that MR. J. O'CONNELL should have been induced to lend credence for a moment to the horrible statement that it was intended to let the present famine do its work. The conduct of the Government and the Parliament and the English and Scotch people was at once the strongest and most effectual answer to this untounded rumour. He stated, among other details of arrangement made for the relief of the people of Ireland, that 58,000lb of biscuit were daily made at the Clarence-yard, Portsmouth. He feared, however, notwithstanding all they had done, that the power of the Government was very much overrated, and, unless the proprietors and gentry of Ireland exerted themselves, the deaths would be of appalling amount.

Mr. SHARMAN CRAWFORD then moved an address to her Majesty praying that she would be pleased to authorize and direct that such ships of the navy as could be spared from regular duty should be applied to the accommodation of merchants, in conveying corn and provisions from foreign countries to the ports of Great Britain and Ireland. It was shown by returns that there was an abundant supply of provisions in America, if there were ships to convey them to this country.

Lord JOHN RUSSELL said the suggestion had been already made to the Government, but they had not deemed it advisable to adopt it; they had at present employed, conveying provisions to Ireland thirty steam-ships, twelve sailing-vessels, and five depot-ships. The time employed in fitting out ships of war as merchantmen would be very considerable, and the cost would be very great. He believed there would be a sufficient number of merchant vessels to convey all the corn they could obtain in the United States, which instead of being seventeen millions of quarters as stated, would not exceed two and a half millions of quarters.—Mr. CRAWFORD withdrew his motion.

The Gentlemanly Man.—This is a man who is held in great consideration amongst the lower or the middle ranks. His dress, his air, his conversation, are all objects of imitation. He lives on an annuity of five hundred pounds—does nothing at all useful—and despises all who do. His wife is the sixteenth cousin of a lord, which fact he took great care to communicate to the world in the newspapers at the time of the marriage. He may consequently be said to belong to the aristocracy, and this accounts for his

knowledge of the marriages and intermarriages of the great ones of the land. He speaks learnedly of the opera, and knows to a day when the fashionable season begins and when it ends. He alludes frequently to circumstances which occurred when he was "on the Continent," and pities much people who have not travelled. He speaks French with the veritable London accent. He dislikes port, and has ideas about being helped twice to soup. He has a place taken in the front row of the dress circle when he visits the theatre, which he often does, being, he says, very fond of "public places." He goes to Boulogne, or Ramsgate, in September, because nobody of the least consideration can then remain in town. Margate he thinks vulgar. He is partial to astonishing waistcoats, and revels in eternal white kid gloves. Morning, noon, and night is he gloved the same—in defiance and utter disregard of all wholesome love of contrast. He wears a blue coat with embossed gilt buttons. He knows all the leading men in politics at first sight. He once met Theodore Hook at dinner. He has often seen Grisi off the stage. He has shaken hands before now with a baronet. In fact, he is a very superior, well-informed person, and is universally considered, by his friends, a most "gentlemanly man."

A learned Belgian, M. Maindron, has recently discovered a very simple means of distinguishing between real and apparent death. It consists in creating a small burn; if there is life, a blister always is formed, even in the absence of all apparent sensibility. If death has already intervened, nothing of the kind occurs.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 4 a 4½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1847.

The late news from the seat of war in Mexico confirmed the intelligence that an action had taken place between Taylor and Santa Anna, with a great disparity of force against the former, but that after two days of very hard fighting Santa Anna has been sadly worsted, and Taylor has preserved his superiority. Nothing of detail has come to hand, with a certainty that gives the particulars beyond a doubt, but we think sufficient is given to warrant the belief that Taylor has acted like a good soldier, an able general, and well deserves the thanks and the voluntary homage which all are ready to render him.

Dramatic Readings.—We perceive that this kind of recreation is becoming much the fashion on the other side of the Atlantic, and they are given by persons who have not only good taste, much literary education, and not a little of the highest class of experience, they are therefore doing much in the formation and establishment of public taste. But to be taken up by those who are themselves superficial and take the stage performance as the best criterion of their own excellence is a mistake, and is calculated either to harm them or to do good to the mass of bearers. There is a fact in this, and the late Mrs. Siddons, the great Kemble, in short all the Kemble family have had it in a pre-eminent degree.

The true mode is for the reader to be impressed with the notion that he or she is of genteel habits and proper feelings in a very large degree; the readings should be made impressive, should be quiet, well emphasised, and not be accompanied with a redundancy of action. In short, just such a well educated, genteel, and graceful person in good society would give if reading to a party around the social fire-place or parlour-table—all above that is superfluous, and has the effect of "out-heroding Herod." The habit of reading aloud is a good one, a fine one in point of good taste, and pleasing in effect both to the reader and to the listeners. We hope it will be more cultivated in good society here than hitherto.

Practical Education.—We are right glad to perceive that so large a portion of the new published books have a special reference to the drawing forth the genius and the minds of the young, and to rudimentary education of the young intellect; for all this is really important. We do not object that so large a proportion is nonsense, and that only now and then, one is really important to youth, for, very rarely indeed do we meet in any of them what is really bad and objectionable in theory. The works to which we allude are truly helpful in expanding the understanding, and help the mind to burst forth in additional magnificence: but we would like to see rather more of the books addressed to the young females, for there is the importance to successive generations. The mothers are the first, and the most influential teachers of the young, and they invariably are the trainers of the future generation of citizens and mothers of their country; they help very greatly to make the tempers, the dispositions, the tendencies of the future great ones, and to them be it especially recollect, is owing a great deal of a nation's greatness. We hope soon to find it perceptible that more attention is paid to the correctness of these things than to the accomplishments which have no other, or very little, above external effects. If there be time and leisure enough in the young person, to spare after due attention to the aforesaid matter, let the young person study music as an accomplishment, if the desire to do so be felt, or let the young person know something of drawing, if there be an inclination that way, or the like of languages, and so forth, but neither the master nor the scholar will find satisfaction if you strain the idea too far by the determination of having the pupil in the fashion.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

Sacred Concert.—This evening the Italian Company will give a sacred concert at the Tabernacle, and it is so closely after our remark that an Italian Operatic Company could not sing Handel that it is almost like a practical vindication of themselves that they can sing sacred music. If it be so—well.

We like the project, and we doubt not that it will be very effective, for the music will be chiefly that of Rossini, the "Stabat Mater," and another from his pen is almost worshipped by the Italian School, but we see a "Aria" from Handel which Madam. Pico will sing, and she will be good, we dare say, in the portion she will give, but that portion of the Messiah is for two voices and a chorus to do it justice. How then will the maestro get his due credit, whatever the singer may have. There are also two or more concertante musical pieces, and obligate in the vocal accompaniments, it will therefore be well worthy of a full house, although the labor of singing in such a place as the Tabernacle is exceedingly hard on the physique; for it is a really bad place for effect on music.

Mr. Hill's Festival Night.—This announcement we rejoice at, with all our hearts, and would fain flatter ourselves that this, which is hardly what he deserves of the Musical World of the United States, is in some measure owing to our suggestion; at any rate it has our most earnest wish for its full excess. It will take place on Tuesday next (the 6th inst.) and the Tabernacle is the best place it can be in because it will hold the greatest number of audience of any place in New York.

The number and quality of the professors and artists who will assist therewith are both many and of the highest quality and reputation, and even they will give Mr. Hill remembrances, while away, from the great theatre (New York) of his labours and reputation, and will quicken his desire to get back to where he will feel assured that respect for him will keep well alive. The first part of this concert will be Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and the remainder will be a miscellaneous selection.

Italian Opera.—The first subscription of the Italian opera is over, and the second will probably commence next week. We have great satisfaction in believing that it is intended to take pains and bring forward a larger proportion of *Opera buffo*, than heretofore, and this will be well relieved by the opera *seria* which, of course, will always be a standard portion. We heartily do wish they would get up some of the admirable operas of Mozart, by way of a change, and an admirable change too.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—The celebrated American tragedian, Mr. Forrest, has this week had the hard service of playing every night, up to Wednesday inclusive; but his physique is equal to the task which is put upon it, and he very satisfactorily succeeds in getting his full due of praise and of filling the house in good proportion every night. But we think he is growing larger as well as stronger, and at this rate, will soon be too much so to perform with the distinction which has hitherto attended him. One of the best of the stock actors is Dyott, who is really a treasure to this establishment, and even his old fault, that of speaking through his teeth, he has either got the better of it, or else we have got used to it; but he is certainly a very correct reader, and more than a mediocre actor.

Bowery Theatre.—The performance of the principal piece here, we must mention in terms of condemnation. Not of the performance itself, which is tolerably well, but of the subject—that of the "Robbers," and which we would condemn, infinitely more so than those of "Rookwood" or "Jack Sheppard" because the Robbers is in fine language, it is romantic, and it has worse political and social principle than any which has the misfortune to be upon the public stage. It is all licenced to those who are young, and we would recommend to all who have authority over the young to keep them from the representation. But nine tenths of the German plays are bad. They have got up at the Chat-ham a version of the "Lucretia Borgia" also; we know not in the Italian History a worse part than this, and we are sorry that the contemplation of it is at all rendered familiar to the mind of the young.

Olympic Theatre.—We doubt whether a better and more complete establishment can be found in the United States than the present one at this house, and they can even do opera in not a contemptible style, certain it is that, except that at the Italian Theatre, there is no other in New York city, to compare in *opera* with that of Mitchell's, and when we perceive the principal characters of females, played by Mrs. Tamm, Misses Taylor, Clarke, Roberts, &c., and of the males by Walcott, Nickinson, Holland, Everard, and sometimes by Mitchell himself, the visiter of the Olympic has seldom much to wish for. The Orchestra in "The Child of the Regiment" is very good, and full enough, and the manager notwithstanding his prolonged illness is evidently taking care of the interests of his house.

Literary Notices.

Hallam's Constitutional History of England.—Harper & Brothers publish in an elegant octavo volume the first American edition of this useful and learned production by Mr. Hallam. The work fills up a chasm in our literature of high importance: it is not likely either to be soon superseded, as it has been prepared and executed with such consummate ability, that the author seems to have left little or nothing in the subject to be desired. Such a work is indispensable, in the strictest sense of the term, to every good library; and this beautiful edition of the Harpers places it within the reach of all.

Great events by great Historians.—This work consists of a selection of eloquent or interesting passages from the great historians, ancient and modern, by Prof. Francis Lieber. The book is admirably suited for the use of schools, and the Family Circle, and cannot fail of becoming a favorite. The Harpers have issued a new edition of the *Juvenile Budget Re-opened*—being selections from the writings of Dr. Aikin: also the 20th number of the *Pictorial History of*

England, which details the religious history and progress of the British empire during the times of Henry VII. and VIII. We have already commended this splendid history to the attention of our readers, and now that it has reached mid-way towards its completion; we take the present opportunity of again introducing its high claims to the notice of all who wish to possess a thorough and competent history of Great Britain.

The Way to Live Well. By Mrs. S. J. Hale.—Philadelphia: G. B. Zeiber & Co.—This is a book of cooking, preserves, preparation, keeping, health in eating and drinking, &c., which, the composer observes, is founded on the work of the celebrated "Meg Dods" formerly the mistress of the Clickum Inn, (see Walter Scott's "St. Ronan's Wells") and who afterwards gave the results of her experience to the world. The title-page describes accurately enough the subject and the merits of the present work. It is described, and properly too as the mode "to be well whilst we live," and to contain direction "for choosing and preparing food, in regard to Health, Economy, and Taste." We really commend this book to every Housekeeper.

The Fairy Bower, or the History of a Month.—New York: Appleton & Co.—This is the best show up of the minds of children as they are, that we have ever seen; it beats Miss Edgeworth on this score altogether, but it leaves the reader and the judicious, in treating the "young idea" to act as they may think best, under the circumstances, without pushing in any opinion as to the mode of management, except by motive contained in the dialogue. But there is more on this subject likely to come from the same pen, for the author promises (or threatens as the case may be thought) a work very shortly. We shall hail its appearance, if it be like the work which is before us.

The Encyclopedia of English Literature No. 7, and Chamber's Information for the People, No. 14.—Both from the same invaluable hand, are just out. We cannot praise these too much, and we earnestly trust that all who are inclined to reading, desire information, and most valuably to increase the book collections, will take especial care to make themselves the owners of a copy of these.

Lecture in behalf of the suffering Irish.—By the Right Rev. John Hughes, D.D.—This was successful in the delivery, and in the consequences so far as moving the sympathy of the hearers; it was also from a very eloquent, and, we believe, sincere speaker, but we do not agree in his history, as delivered in the lecture, and therefore, though we commend the publication which lies before us, we beg its readers to consider a little before they take all the matters for fact which are there propounded.

Blackwood's Magazine.—For March, 1847.—New York: Leonard Scott, & Co.—We need no more than announce as thus, that this valuable reprint has appeared here, and, as usual, a superior quantity of valuable matter in it.

Piquillo Aliaga, or the Moors under Philip III.—By Eugene Scribe.—Richards and Co, 30 Ann street, New York.—Of all writers, ancient or modern, none have received a more ample share of the gifts of fortune, in remuneration of their literary labors, than Eugene Scribe. We do not, at the moment, remember the exact number of his dramatic productions, but they certainly exceed one hundred and fifty, and a great number of them still keep possession of the stage. By the laws of France, an author is entitled to receive a fixed sum for every performance of a piece which has issued from his pen. The amount depends upon the length of the play, or the afterpiece, whether it be of five acts, or three, or two, or one, and on the size of the theatre in which it is represented. For many years past, Scribe has enjoyed an income of upwards of 100,000 francs, nearly \$20,000 merely from the acting of his productions; for it happens constantly, that his plays are performed on the same night at several theatres in Paris, and at those of Bordeaux, Lyons, Marseilles, Rouen, Havre, Toulouse, Lille, and other of the principal towns in France. Wherever they are acted, he receives his regular stipend, which is remitted to him monthly. No one has more richly deserved to be thus amply remunerated, for no one has contributed so largely to the delight and amusement of the world. He has now struck into a new branch of literature, having written the above novel.

Piquillo Aliaga, whether considered merely as a novel or as affording information on one of the most interesting periods of Spanish history, must remain a standard work. It is, we will presume to assert, equal to any that has issued from the French press during the last half century. The amours of Philip III., the oppressive acts of the Duke de Lirma, the intrigues of the Jesuits and the Dominicans, each sect striving for power, the atrocious expulsion of the unoffending Moors from Spain, are all depicted with a truth and vividness rarely to be met with, and these blended with the adventures of his hero in a manner to produce the most lively and lasting interest.

The Miller of Martigne.—By H. W. Herbert.—New York: Richards and Co.—The author of this work has a romantic feeling not unlike that of Scott, and partakes of the feeling of Bulwer. He has the same carelessness of style, and the points of his sentences as Scott, a better code of morals and notion of metaphysics than Bulwer, has not so much mere narrative as James, and is, in all respects, a better writer than the last. His name and his writings are becoming of literary repute, and the former gives a *prima facia* reputation to books which are published under it. This is somewhat more than a fiction. It is of a period in which Herbert is well read, and with which he is familiar. This book will sell well, and well deserves to be much in repute and request.

NEARLY READY,
PIQUILLO ALIAGA
OR THE
MOORS UNDER PHILIP THE THIRD OF SPAIN.
A Historical Romance from the French of
EUGENE SCRIBE.

March 20.

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

MRS. BAILEY, PRINCIPAL.

No. 10 Carroll Place, Bleeker-St., New York.

THE plan of this institution, which it is believed, is well known, and has been established for sixteen years, comprises a general and extensive system of instruction, and offers high advantages to Parents who may wish their daughters to receive a thorough and accomplished education. It is situated in one of the most convenient and pleasant streets in the upper part of the City of New York. The lines of omnibuses around and within the city, afford a convenient access to the various ferries, and an easy communication with any part of the surrounding country. The location of the house is eminently healthy, and within a few minutes walk of several of the finest parks in the city; it is a spacious, elegant, and commodious building, affording a large number of apartments for the lodgings, for the study, and for the recreation of the Young Ladies.

Mrs. Bailey is about to make important additions to the establishment, and will be assisted by the most efficient teachers in each department of instruction. They will include generally, from twelve to fourteen; several of whom reside in the family, and devote their time exclusively to the benefit and instruction of the Young Ladies under their charge. The course embraces all that is necessary to a complete and accomplished education; the Text books are selected with much care. With respect to the discipline of the mind, and the acquisition of useful knowledge, the greatest solicitude is constantly felt.

The School is divided into the Juvenile, Junior, and Senior Department. The best teachers are employed in the French Department; this language is taught daily to all the pupils, and with the Latin, is included in the terms for English Tuition. Vocal Music, both Sacred and Secular, is also taught throughout the School, by a distinguished Professor. Terms for Italian, Spanish, German, Drawing, Painting, Music, &c. will depend upon those of the Professors employed. Faithful and unwearied attention is constantly given that the pupils may be thorough in every branch of study they pursue, that they form correct, intellectual, and moral habits, that they have respectful, kind, and amiable manners.

The School is in session from the 7th of September to the 16th of July: the period being divided into four Quarters—severally commencing on the 7th of September, 23rd of November, 13th of February, and the 1st of May; but pupils are received at any intermediate period, the proportion of the Quarter only being charged. For further particulars a line addressed to Mrs. Bailey, at her residence, will receive immediate attention.

April 3-2m.

U. C. HILL'S GRAND MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

AT THE TABERNACLE,

TUESDAY EVENING, April 6th, 1847—given in compliment to him prior to his departure for Europe, by the members of the Philharmonic Society, the American Musical Institute, the Sacred Music Society, and other members of the profession, with a part of the Italian Opera Company.

The first part of the Concert will consist of the performance of Rossini's celebrated Stabat Mater.

The other part will consist of choice selections of Secular Music.

The number of performers, vocal and instrumental will be greater and more efficient than has ever before been presented at a concert in New York.

The Solo performers at present engaged are:—

SIG. A. PICO.

MISS JULIA NORTHALL.

MISS JANE ANDREWS, late of Troy, her first appearance in New York.

SIG. SESTO BENEDETTI.

SIG. F. BENEVENTANO.

SIG. MICHEL RAPETTI—Violin.

HERR. HENRY SCHMITZ—Horn.

MR. H. C. TIMM—Pianist.

EDW. HODGES, Mus. Doc.—Organist.

MR. GEO. LODER and MR. U. C. HILL—Directors.

Tickets \$1. For sale at the Music Stores, and at the door.

April 3-1t.

IN A FEW DAYS WILL BE PUBLISHED

THE MILLER OF MARTIGNE.

A ROMANCE—BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

Author of "The Roman Traitor," "Marmaduke Wyvill," "The Brothers," "Cromwell," &c.

NEW-YORK : PUBLISHED BY RICHARDS AND CO., 30 ANN STREET.

This is a work of surpassing interest, and is quite equal if not superior to the "Roman Traitor" or "Marmaduke Wyvill."

March 20.

WARTON'S ERVALENTA.

CONSTIPATIN (COSITIVENESS) DESTROYED

"Obstinate, inconstant and habitual Constitution (Constiveness) not only totally overcome, but also completely destroyed without using either purgatives, injections or baths, by a natural, simple, agreeable and infallible means, recently discovered in France by M. Warton, 68 Rue Richelieu, Paris." Price 30 cents.

A PERUSAL OF THIS TREATISE cannot fail to dispel all doubt in the mind of any reader of the genuine character and great importance of this discovery which has agitated France, England, and the Continent with its remarkable results. This great remedy is a light, palatable, and delicious FOOD called "Ervalenta"—a Vegetable Farina—in some respects resembling Arrow-root.

The Treatise and Ervalenta constantly on hand at the National Depot of Warton, of Paris, expressly established for their sale, at HENRY JOHNSON'S Drug and Chemical store, in the Granite Building, 273 Broadway, corner Chambers-st.

Persons must remember that there is no genuine Ervalenta but Warton's.

March 13-3m.

M. AXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Prince Segars in all their variety. (G) LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand.

July 7-1t.

THE EXERCISE OF CRICKET.

Will be published, early in April next,

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive improvements made therein. Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of this manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to the Author at the "Anglo-American" Office, New York.

TAPSCOTT'S GENERAL EMIGRATION, AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE OFFICE.

PASSAGE FROM, AND DRAFTS TO, ALL PARTS OF ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES. Persons wishing to send for their friends, in any part of the Old Country, will find the subscriber's arrangements for 1847, most complete, and calculated in every way to ensure satisfaction to all who may make arrangements with them to bring their friends across the Atlantic. The subscribers are agents for

THE NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

QUEEN OF THE WEST 1300 tons. ROSCIUS 1200 tons.
LIVERPOOL " SIDDONS "
HOTTINGUER " SHERIDAN "
ROCHESTER " GARRICK "

The above magnificent packets are all new York built ships of the very first class, built expressly for the Liverpool passenger trade, and fitted up with special regard for the comfort and convenience of passengers; they are commanded by men of experience, and are not surpassed for speed by any ships afloat. Their sailing days from Liverpool are on the 6th and 11th of every month, on which days they leave punctually.

In addition to the above splendid ships, the subscribers are also Agents for the

ST. "GEORGE'S AND THE UNION LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS, composed in part of the following favourite and well-known ships, viz.: "The America," St. George, Empire, St. Patrick, Rappahannock, Magnolia, Sea, &c. &c., which, together with the new line, make six ships per month, or one every five days, from Liverpool; thus preventing the necessity of delay at that port. Passage from any part of Ireland to Liverpool, can be secured at the lowest rates. Every information given by applying to

W. & J. T. TAPSCOTT, 86 South-st.

2d door below Burling Slip.

Drafts supplied for any amount from £1, upwards, payable throughout the United Kingdom. Feb. 27.

TO PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

WANTED.—By a young man, (23 years of age) a situation as COMPOSITOR on a City or County Newspaper. The Advertiser is every way qualified to take charge of a Printing Office, and can set from 35 to 40,000 ems per week. He would be willing to take a situation in a Book-office. References given if required, as to honesty, capability, &c. Address (if by letter, post-paid) "ROMEO," at this office, where all information may be obtained. [March 13-1t.]

THE TRUSTEES OF THE NEW YORK SOCIETY LIBRARY

WOULD direct the attention of the public to the following brief account of the present condition of this institution, and of the effort now making to increase its importance and usefulness.

The institution is now, in every respect, prosperous. It is free from financial embarrassment; its real estate, independent of its books, far exceeds in value the amount of its obligations; and its income provides for its current expenses, and for considerable annual additions to the Library. It has recently erected a noble library edifice in a central situation, on the principal street of the city, spacious enough for a library of more than a hundred thousand volumes. Its present library numbers forty thousand, generally well-selected volumes (many of which are rare and costly); it may therefore be said to have laid the foundation for a library of the first class, and such the trustees are determined to make it, if the public will foster it as the importance of the object deserves.

Attached to the library is a convenient and commodious reading room, well supplied with the home and foreign journals and newspapers, which offers every accommodation, both for quiet reading and a rapid glance at the news of the day. One of the objects now in view is to transfer this department of the library to the first floor of the building, to render it more accessible to persons whose time is limited, and to extend the library proper over the whole of the second floor.

The institution is not, as many have supposed, an exclusive one. Any person of fair character may become a member of it on application to the librarian, and enjoy its privileges by paying twenty-five dollars, the price of a share, and an annual assessment of six dollars; the latter may be commuted at any time by the payment of twenty-five dollars.

This is the condition and character of the institution, in whose benefit the public are now invited to participate, and for whose advancement their co-operation is solicited. It is hoped that every friend to the moral and intellectual improvement of our city, every parent who would furnish various and valuable reading to his children, every one who seeks an occasional retreat from the toils and tumults of business, in a word, every one who knows the value of a great library in a great metropolis, and is not now a member of this institution, will immediately become one, and that those who are already members of it will lend their active and efficient aid in raising it to the rank which the trustees are now aiming to give it. If this is done, the trustees pledge themselves to the public that nothing shall be wanting on their part to carry out this great object, and enable the institution to attain a character and present an aspect of extent and importance that will make it the boast and honor of the commercial metropolis of the Union.

Feb. 13-1t.

LAW AGENCY,

IN ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND WALES.

THOMAS WARNER, 18 City Hall-place New York City, Attorney and Counsellor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery &c. &c., begs to inform Europeans, their descendants, and others interested in business in Europe, that he will attend to any matters that may be intrusted to him relating to property, estates, debts &c. or to any legal business, necessary to be transacted in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales.

Arrangements of an extensive and peculiar kind just completed by T. W. will ensure that the business with which he may be favoured, will be conducted with energy and despatch in all the principal towns of the United Kingdom.

Thomas Warner has been honored by the permission of the following eminent and distinguished gentlemen to refer them to his character and responsibility.

Anthony Barclay, Esq. British Consul &c. New York City; The Hon. W. H. Seward, ex-Governor of the State of New York; The Honourable John W. Edmunds, Circuit Judge of the first Circuit &c. New York City; Honourable A. H. Nickle, Mayor of the City of New York; Honourable F. A. Talmadge, ex-Recorder of New York and member of Congress elect; George W. Matsell, Esq. Chief of Police of the City of New York; Messrs. Jevon & Son, Steel manufacturers, New York, and Sheffield, England.

THE PLUMBE

NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY,

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S. AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.

Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail. Instruction given in the Art.

Jly. 25-1t.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ.:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstructive Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsey. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and an invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient. The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits:

South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Gushua:—

Berkshire, Vt. Oct. 22, 1845.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$6.

(G) The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

